

THE
WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XXXIV.

ROMANCES VOL. XXV.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.



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THE

H. O. R. S.

OF

WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq.

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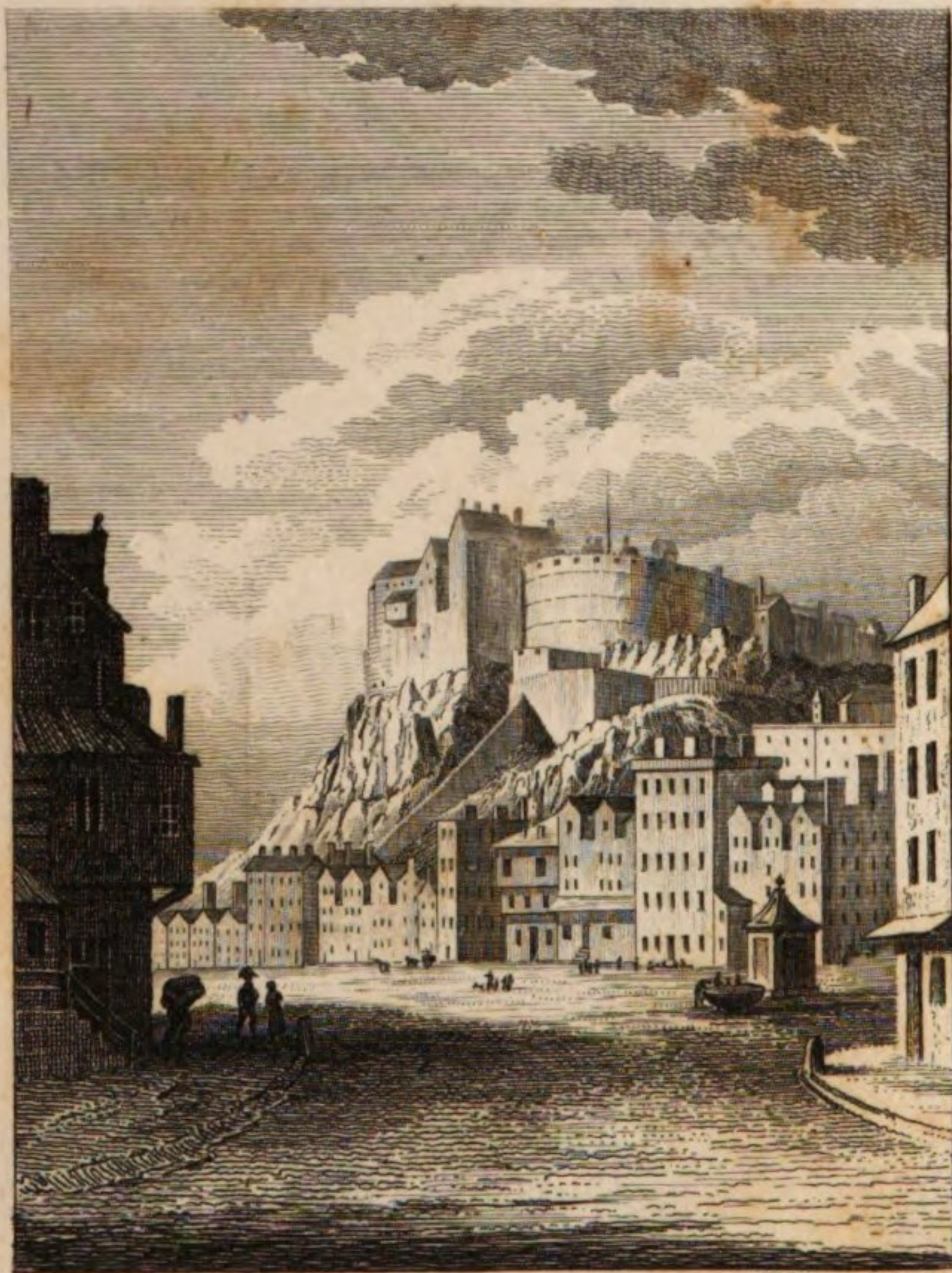
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F. Rossmäcker. 1822.

*The Heart of Midlothian. III.  
Grays-Market.*



THE  
HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN,

A ROMANCE,

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

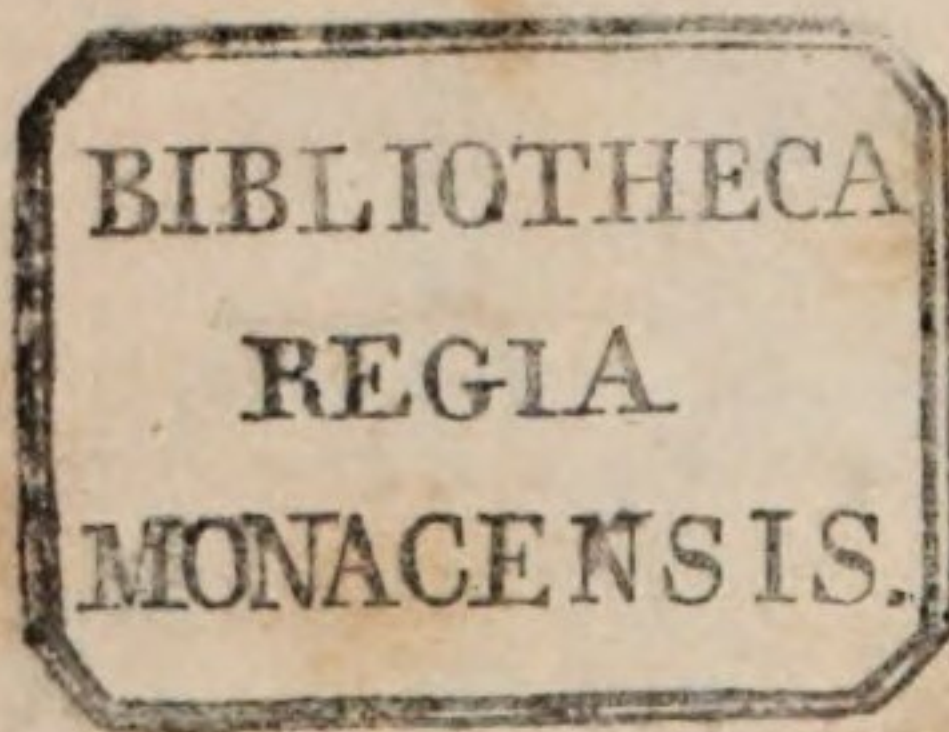
IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

*Tis the voice of the sluggard, I've heard him
complain,*

*«You have waked me too soon, I must slumber
again;»*

*As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his side, and his shoulders, and his
heavy head.*

DR WATTS.

THE mansion-house of Dumbiedikes, to which we are now to introduce our readers, lay three or four miles — no matter for the exact topography — to the southward of St Leonard's. It had once borne the appearance of some little celebrity; for the «auld laird,” whose humours and pranks were often mentioned in the ale-houses for about a mile round it, wore a sword, kept a good horse, and a brace of grey-hounds; brawled, swore, and betted at cock-fights and

horse-matches: followed Somerville of Drum's hawks, and the Lord Ross's hounds, and called himself *point device* a gentleman. But the line had been veiled of its splendour in the present proprietor, who cared for no rustic amusements, and was as saving, timid, and retired, as his father had been at once grasping and selfishly extravagant, — daring, wild, and intrusive.

Dumbiedikes was what is called in Scotland a *single* house; that is, having only one room occupying its whole breadth, each of which single apartments was illuminated by six or eight cross lights, whose diminutive panes and heavy frames permitted scarce so much light to enter as shines through one well-constructed modern window. This inartificial edifice, exactly such as a child would build with cards, having a steep roof flagged with coarse grey stones instead of slates; a half-circular turret, battlemented, or, to use the appropriate phrase, bartizan'd on the top, served as a case for a narrow turnpike-stair, by which an ascent was gained from storey to storey; and at the bottom of the said turret was a door studded with large-headed nails. There was no lobby at the bottom of the tower, and scarce a landing-place opposite to the doors which gave access to the apartments. One or two low and dilapidated outhouses, con-

nected by a court-yard wall equally ruinous, surrounded the mansion. The court had been paved, but the flags being partly displaced, and partly renewed, a gallant crop of docks and thistles sprung up between them, and the small garden, which opened by a postern through the wall, seemed not to be in a much more orderly condition. Over the low-arched gateway which led into the yard, there was a carved stone, exhibiting some attempt at armorial bearings; and above the inner entrance hung, and had hung for many years, the mouldering hatchment, which announced that umquhile Laurence Dumbie, of Dumbiedikes, had been gathered to his fathers in Newbattle kirk-yard. The approach to this palace of pleasure was by a road formed by the rude fragments of stone gathered from the land, and it was surrounded by ploughed, but unclosed land. Upon a baulk, that is, an unploughed ridge of land interposed among the corn, the Laird's trusty palfrey was tethered by the head, and picking a meal of grass. The whole argued neglect and discomfort, the consequence, however, of idleness and indifference, not of poverty.

In this inner court, not without a sense of bashfulness and timidity, stood Jeanie Deans, at an early hour in a fine spring morning. She was

no heroine of romance, and therefore looked with some curiosity and interest on the mansion-house and domains, of which, it might at that moment occur to her, a little encouragement, such as women of all ranks know by instinct how to apply, might have made her mistress. Moreover, she was no person of taste beyond her time, rank, and country, and certainly thought the house of Dumbiedikes, though inferior to Holyroodhouse, or the palace at Dalkeith, was still a stately structure in its way, and the land a «very bonnie bit, if it were better seen to and done to.» But Jeanie Deans was a plain, true-hearted, honest girl, who, while she acknowledged all the splendour of her old admirer's habitation and the value of his property, never for a moment harboured a thought of doing the Laird, Butler, or herself, the injustice, which many ladies of higher rank would not have hesitated to do to all three, on much less temptation.

Her present errand being with the Laird, she looked round the offices to see if she could find any domestic to announce that she wished to see him. As all was silence, she ventured to open one door; — it was the old Laird's dog-kennel, now deserted, unless when occupied, as one or two tubs seemed to testify, as a washing-house. She tried another — it was the roofless

shed where the hawks were once kept, as appeared from a perch or two not yet completely rotten, and a lure and jesses which were mouldering on the wall. A third door led to the coal-house, which was well stocked. To keep a very good fire, was one of the few points of domestic management in which Dumbiedikes was positively active; in all other matters of domestic economy he was completely passive, and at the mercy of his housekeeper, the same buxom dame whom his father had long since bequeathed to his charge, and who, if fame did her no injustice, had feathered her nest pretty well at his expence.

Jeanie went on opening doors, like the second Calender wanting an eye, in the castle of the hundred obliging damsels, until, like the said prince errant, she came to a stable. The Highland Pegasus, Rory Bean, to which belonged the single entire stall, was her old acquaintance, whom she had seen grazing on the baulk, as she failed not to recognize by the well-known ancient riding furniture and demi-pique saddle, which half hung on the walls, half trailed on the litter. Beyond the «treviss," which formed one side of the stall, stood a cow, who turned her head and lowed when Jeanie came into the stable, an appeal which her habitual occupations

enabled her perfectly to understand, and with which she could not refuse complying, by shaking down some fodder to the animal, which had been neglected like most things else in the castle of the sluggard.

While she was accommodating «the milky mother» with the food which she should have received two hours sooner, a slip-shod wench peeped into the stable, and perceiving that a stranger was employed in discharging the task which she, at length, and reluctantly, had quitted her slumbers to perform, ejaculated, «Eh, sirs! the Brownie! the Brownie!» and fled, yelling as if she had seen the devil.

To explain her terror, it may be necessary to notice, that the old house of Dumbiedikes had, according to report, been long haunted by a Brownie, one of those familiar spirits, who were believed in ancient times to supply the deficiencies of the ordinary labourer —

«Whirl the long mop, and ply the airy flail.»

Certes, the convenience of such a supernatural assistant could have been nowhere more sensibly felt, than in a family where the domestics were so little disposed to personal activity; yet this

serving maiden was so far from rejoicing in seeing a supposed aerial substitute discharging a task which she should have long since performed herself, that she proceeded to raise the family by her screams of horror, uttered as thick as if the Brownie had been flaying her. Jeanie, who had immediately resigned her temporary occupation, and followed the yelling damsel into the court-yard, in order to undeceive and appease her, was there met by Mrs Janet Balchristie, the favourite sultana of the last laird, as scandal went — the housekeeper of the present. The good-looking, buxom woman, betwixt forty and fifty, (for such we described her at the death of the last laird,) was now a fat, red-faced, old dame of seventy, or thereabouts, fond of her place, and jealous of her authority. Conscious that her place of administration did not rest on so sure a basis as in the time of the old proprietor, this considerate lady had introduced into the family the screamer aforesaid, who added good features and bright eyes to the powers of her lungs. She made no conquest of the Laird, however, who seemed to live as if there was not another woman in the world but Jeanie Deans, and to bear no very ardent or overbearing affection even to her. Mrs Janet Balchristie, notwithstanding, had her own uneasy thoughts upon the almost daily visits to Saint Leonard's

Craggs, and often, when the Laird looked at her wistfully and paused, according to his custom before utterance, she expected him to say, "Jenny, I am gaun to change my condition;" but she was relieved by "Jenny, I am gaun to change my shoon."

Still, however, Mrs Balchristie regarded Jeanie Deans with no small portion of malevolence, the customary feeling of such persons towards any one who they think has the means of doing them an injury. But she had also a general aversion to any female, tolerably young, and decently well-looking, who showed a wish to approach the house of Dumbiedikes and the proprietor thereof. And as she had raised her mass of mortality out of bed two hours earlier than usual, to come to the rescue of her clamorous niece, she was in such extreme bad humour against all and sundry, that Saddletree would have pronounced, that she harboured *inimicitiam contra omnes mortales*.

"Wha the de'il are ye?" said the fat dame to poor Jeanie, whom she did not immediately recognize, "scouping about a decent house at sic an hour in the morning?"

"It was ane wanting to speak to the Laird," said Jeanie, who felt something of the intuitive

terror which she had formerly entertained for this termagant, when she was occasionally at Dumbiedikes on business of her father's.

«Ane? — And what sort of ane are ye? — hae ye nae name? — D'ye think his honour has naething else to do than to speak wi' ilka idle tramper that comes about the town, and him in his bed yet, honest man?»

«Dear Mrs Balchristie,” replied Jeanie, in a submissive tone, «D'ye no mind me? — d'ye no mind Jeanie Deans?»

«Jeanie Deans!!” said the termagant, in accents affecting the utmost astonishment; then, taking two strides nearer to her, she peered into her face with a stare of curiosity, equally scornful and malignant — «I say Jeanie Deans indeed — Jeanie Deevil, they had better hae ca'd ye! — A bonnie spot o' wark your tittie and you hae made out, murdering ae puir wean, and your light limmer of a sister's to be hanged for't, as weel she deserves! — And the like o' you to come to any honest man's house, and want to be into a decent bachelor gentleman's room at this time in the morning, and him in his bed? — gae wa', gae wa'.”

Jeanie was struck mute with shame at the unfeeling brutality of this accusation, and could

not even find words to justify herself from the vile construction put upon her visit, when Mrs Balchristie, seeing her advantage, continued in the same tone, "Come, come, bundle up your pipes and tramp awa' wi' ye! — ye may be seeking a father to another wean for ony thing I ken. If it waurna that your father, auld David Deans, had been a tenant on our land, I would cry up the men-folk, and hae ye dookit in the burn for your impudence."

Jeanie had already turned her back, and was walking towards the door of the court-yard, so that Mrs Balchristie, to make her last threat impressively audible to her, had raised her stentorian voice to its utmost pitch. But, like many a general, she lost the engagement by pressing her advantage too far.

The Laird had been disturbed in his morning slumbers by the tones of Mrs Balchristie's objurgation, sounds in themselves by no means uncommon, but very remarkable, in respect to the early hour at which they were now heard. He turned himself on the other side, however, in hopes the squall would blow by, when, in the course of Mrs Balchristie's second explosion of wrath, the name of Deans distinctly struck the tympanum of his ear. As he was, in some

degree, aware of the small portion of benevolence with which his house-keeper regarded the family at Saint Leonard's, he instantly conceived that some message from thence was the cause of this untimely ire, and getting out of his bed, he slipped as speedily as possible into an old brocaded night gown, and some other necessary garments, clapped on his head his father's goldlaced hat, (for though he was seldom seen without it, yet it is proper to contradict the popular report, that he slept in it, as Don Quixote did in his helmet,) and opening the window of his bedroom, beheld, to his great astonishment, the well-known figure of Jeanie Deans herself retreating from his gate; while his housekeeper, with arms a-kimbo, fist clenched and extended, body erect, and head shaking with rage, sent after her a volley of Billingsgate oaths. His choler rose in proportion to the surprise, and, perhaps, to the disturbance of his repose. "Hark ye," he exclaimed from the window, "ye auld limb of Satan — wha the de'il gies you commission to guide an honest man's daughter that gate?"

Mrs Balchristie was completely caught in the manner. She was aware, from the unusual warmth with which the Laird expressed himself, that he was quite serious in this matter, and she knew that, with all his indolence of nature,

there were points on which he might be provoked, and that, being provoked, he had in him something dangerous, which her wisdom taught her to fear accordingly. She began, therefore, to retract her false step as fast as she could. «She was but speaking for the house's credit, and she couldna think of disturbing his honour in the morning sae early, when the young woman might as weel wait or call again; and to be sure, she might make a mistake between the twa sisters, for ane o' them wasna sae creditable an acquaintance.»

«Haud your peace, ye auld jade,» said Dumbiedikes; «the warst quean e'er stude in their shoon may ca' you cousin, an' a' be true that I have heard. — Jeanie, my woman, gang into the parlour — but stay, that winna be redd up yet — wait there a minute till I come down to let ye in — Dinna mind what Jenny says to ye.»

«Na, na,» said Jenny, with a laugh of affected heartiness, «never mind me, lass — a' the world kens my bark's waur than my bite — if ye had had an appointment wi' the Laird, ye might hae tauld me — I am nae uncivil person — gang your ways in bye, hinny,» and she opened the door of the house with a master-key.

«But I had no appointment wi' the Laird,» said Jeanie, drawing-back; «I want just to speak

two words to him, and I wad rather do it standing here, Mrs Balchristie."

"In the open court-yard? — Na, na, that wad never do, lass; we maunna guide ye that gate neither — And how's that douce honest man, your father?"

Jeanie was saved the pain of answering this hypocritical question by the appearance of the Laird himself.

"Gang in and get breakfast ready," said he to his housekeeper — "and, d'ye hear, breakfast wi' us yoursell — ye ken how to manage thae porringers of tea-water — and, hear ye, see abune a' that there's a gude fire. — Weel, Jeanie, my woman, gang in bye — gang in bye, and rest ye."

"Na, Laird," Jeanie replied, endeavouring as much as she could to express herself with composure, notwithstanding she still trembled, "I canna gang in — I have a lang day's darg afore me — I maun be twenty mile o' gate the night yet, if feet will carry me."

"Guide and deliver us! — twenty mile — twenty mile on your feet!" ejaculated Dumbiedikes, whose walks were of a very circumscribed diameter, — "Ye maun never think of that — come in bye."

“I canna do that, Laird,” replied Jeanie; “the twa words I hae to say to ye I can say here; forbye that Mrs Balchristie” —

“The de’il flee awa’ wi’ Mrs Balchristie,” said Dumbiedikes, “and he’ll hae a heavy lading o’ her. I tell ye, Jeanie Deans, I am a man of few words, but I am laird at hame, as weel as in the field; de’il a brute or body about my house but I can manage when I like, except Rory Bean, my powney; but I can seldom be at the plague, an’ it binna when my bluid’s up.”

“I was wanting to say to ye, Laird,” said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of entering upon her business, “that I was gaun a lang journey, outbye of my father’s knowledge.”

“Outbye his knowledge, Jeanie! — Is that right? — Ye maun think o’t again — it’s no right,” said Dumbiedikes, with a countenance of great concern.

“If I were anes at Lunnon,” said Jeanie in exculpation, “I am amaist sure I could get means to speak to the queen about my sister’s life.”

“Lunnon — and the queen — and her sister’s life!” said Dumbiedikes, whistling for very amazement — “the lassie’s demented.”

“I am no out o’ my mind,” said she, “and, sink or swim, I am determined to gang to Lunnon, if I suld beg my way frae door to door — and so I maun, unless ye wad lend me a small sum to pay my expences — little thing will do it; and ye ken my father’s a man of substance, and wad see nae man, far less you, Laird, come to loss by me.”

Dumbiedikes, on comprehending the nature of this application, could scarce trust his ears — he made no answer whatever, but stood with his eyes rivetted on the ground.

“I see ye are no for assisting me, Laird,” said Jeanie; “sae fare ye weel — and gang and see my poor father as aften as you can — he will be lonely aneugh now.”

“Where is the silly bairn gaun?” said Dumbiedikes; and, laying hold of her hand, he led her into the house. “It’s no that I didna think o’t before,” he said, “but it stack in my throat.”

Thus speaking to himself, he led her into an old-fashioned parlour, shut the door behind them, and fastened it with a bolt. While Jeanie, surprised at this manoeuvre, remained as near the door as possible, the Laird quitted her hand,

and pressed upon a spring lock fixed in an oak pannel in the wainscot, which instantly slipped aside. An iron strong-box was discovered in a recess of the wall; he opened this also, and pulling out two or three drawers, showed that they were filled with leathern bags, full of gold and silver coin.

«This is my bank, Jeanie lass,” he said, looking first at her, and then at the treasure, with an air of great complacence, — «nane o’ your goldsmith’s bills for me, — they bring folk to ruin.”

Then suddenly changing his tone, he resolutely said, — «Jeanie, I will make ye Lady Dumbiedikes afore the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnon in your ain coach, if ye like.”

«Na, Laird,” said Jeanie, «that can never be — my father’s grief — my sister’s situation — the discredit to you —”

«That’s *my* business,” said Dumbiedikes; «ye wad say naething about that if ye were na a fule — and yet I like ye the better for’t — ae wise body’s aneugh in the married state. But if your heart’s ower fu’, take what siller will serve ye, and let it be when ye come back again — as gude syne as sune.”

“But, Laird,” said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of being explicit with so extraordinary a lover, “I like another man better than you, and I canny marry ye.”

“Another man better than me, Jeanie?” said Dumbiedikes — “how is that possible? — It’s no possible, woman — ye hae kenn’d me sae lang.”

“Ay but, Laird,” said Jeanie, with persevering simplicity, “I kenn’d him langer.”

“Langer? — It’s no possible. It canna be; ye were born on the land. O Jeanie woman, ye haena lookit — ye haena seen the half o’ the gear.” He drew out another drawer — “A’ gowd, Jeanie, and there’s bands for siller lent — And the rental book, Jeanie — clear three hunder sterling — de’il a wadset, heritable band, or burthen — Ye haena lookit at them, woman — And then my mother’s wardrobe, and my grandmother’s forbye — silk gowns wad stand on their ends, their pearlin-lace as fine as spider’s webs, and rings and ear-rings to the boot of a’ that — they are a’ in the chamber of deas — Oh, Jeanie, gang up the stair and look at them.”

But Jeanie held fast her integrity, though beset with temptations, which perhaps the Laird

of Dumbiedikes did not greatly err in supposing were those most affecting to her sex.

«It canna be, Laird — I have said it — and I canna break my word till him, if ye wad gie me the haill barony of Dalkeith, and Lugton into the bargain.»

«Your word to *him*,» said the Laird, somewhat pettishly; «but wha is he, Jeanie? — wha is he? — I haena heard his name yet — Come now, Jeanie, ye are but queering us — I am no trowing that there is sic a ane in the warld — ye are but making fashion — What is he? — wha is he?»

«Just Reuben Butler, that's schule-master at Libberton,» said Jeanie.

«Reuben Butler! Reuben Butler!» echoed the Laird of Dumbiedikes, pacing the apartment in high disdain, — «Reuben Butler, the dominie at Libberton — and a dominie depute too! — Reuben, the son of my cottar! — Very weel, Jeanie lass, wilfu' woman will hae her way — Reuben Butler! he hasna in his pouch the value o' the auld black coat he wears — but it disna signify.» And, as he spoke, he shut successively, and with vehemence, the drawers of his treasury. «A fair offer, Jeanie, is nae cause of feud — Ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty wunna

gar him drink — And as for wasting my substance on other folk's' joes" —

There was something in the last hint that nettled Jeanie's honest pride. — "I was begging nane frae your honour," she said, "least of a' on sic a score as ye pit it on. — Gude morning to ye, sir; ye hae been kind to my father, and it isna in my heart to think otherwise than kindly of you."

So saying, she left the room without listening to a faint "But, Jeanie — Jeanie — stay woman!" And traversing the court-yard with a quick step, she set out on her forward journey, her bosom glowing with that natural indignation and shame, which an honest mind feels at having subjected itself to ask a favour, which had been unexpectedly refused. When out of the Laird's ground, and once more upon the public road, her pace slackened, her anger cooled, and anxious anticipations of the consequence of this unexpected disappointment began to influence her with other feelings. Must she then actually beg her way to London? for such seemed the alternative; or must she turn back, and solicit her father for money; and by doing so lose time, which was precious, besides the risk of encountering his positive prohibition respecting

her journey? Yet she saw no medium between these alternatives; and, while she walked slowly on, was still meditating whether it were not better to return.

While she was thus in an uncertainty, she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a well-known voice calling her name. She looked round, and saw advancing towards her on a poney, whose bare back and halter assorted ill with the night-gown, slippers, and laced-cocked-hat of the rider, a cavalier of no less importance than Dumbiedikes himself. In the energy of his pursuit, he had overcome even the Highland obstinacy of Rory Bean, and compelled that self-willed palfrey to canter the way his rider chose; which Rory, however, performed with all the symptoms of reluctance, turning his head, and accompanying every bound he made in advance with a side-long motion, which indicated his extreme wish to turn round, — a manoeuvre which nothing but the constant exercise of the Laird's heels and cudgel could possibly have counteracted.

When the Laird came up with Jeanie, the first words he uttered were, — «Jeanie, they say ane shouldna aye take a woman at her first word?»

“Ay, but ye maun take me at mine,” said Jeanie, looking on the ground, and walking on without a pause. — “I hae but ae word to bestow on ony ane, and that’s aye a true ane.”

“Then,” said Dumbiedikes, “at least ye suld-na aye take a man at *his* first word. Ye maunna gang this wilfu’ gate sillerless, come o’t what like.” — He put a purse into her hand. “I wad gie you Rory too, but he’s as wilfu’ as yoursell, and he’s ower weel used to a gate that maybe he and I hae gaen ower aften, and he’ll gang nae road else.”

“But, Laird,” said Jeanie, “though I ken my father will satisfy every penny of this siller, whatever there’s o’t, yet I wadna like to borrow it frae ane that maybe thinks of something mair than the paying o’t back again.”

“There’s just twenty-five guineas o’t,” said Dumbiedikes, with a gentle sigh, “and whether your father pays or disna pay, I make ye free till’t without another word. Gang where ye like — do what ye like — and marry a’ the Butlers in the country, gin ye like — And sae, gude morning to you, Jeanie.”

“And God bless you, Laird, wi’ mony a gude morning,” said Jeanie, her heart more softened

by the unwonted generosity of this uncouth character, than perhaps Butler might have approved, had he known her feelings at that moment; «and comfort, and the Lord's peace, and the peace of the world, be with you, if we suld never meet again!»

Dumbiedikes turned and waved his hand; and his poney, much more willing to return than he had been to set out, hurried him homewards so fast, that, wanting the aid of a regular bridle, as well as of saddle and stirrups, he was too much puzzled to keep his seat to permit of his looking behind, even to give the parting glance of a forlorn swain. I am ashamed to say, that the sight of a lover, run away with in night-gown and slippers and a laced hat, by a bare-backed Highland poney, has something in it of a sedative, even to a grateful and deserved burst of affectionate esteem. The figure of Dumbiedikes was too ludicrous not to confirm Jeanie in the original sentiments she entertained towards him.

«He's a gude creature,” said she, «and a kind — it's a pity he has sae willyard a poney.” And she immediately turned her thoughts to the important journey which she had commenced, reflecting with pleasure, that, according

to her habits of life and of undergoing fatigue, she was now amply or even superfluously provided with the means of encountering the expences of the road, up and down from London, and all other expences whatever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

*What strange and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head:
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"*

WORDSWORTH.

IN pursuing her solitary journey, our heroine, soon after passing the house of Dumbiedikes, gained a little eminence, from which, on looking to the eastward down a prattling brook, whose meanders were shaded with straggling willows and alder trees, she could see the cottages of Woodend and Beersheba, the haunts and habitation of her early life, and could distinguish the common on which she had so often herded sheep, and the recesses of the rivulet where she had pulled rushes with Butler, to plait crowns and sceptres for her sister Effie, then a

beautiful, but spoiled child, of about three years old. The recollections which the scene brought with them were so bitter, that, had she indulged them, she would have sate down and relieved her heart with tears.

“But I kenn’d,” said Jeanie, “that greeting would do but little good, and that it was mair beseeming to thank the Lord, that had showed me kindness and countenance by means of a man, that mony ca’ed a Nabal and churl, but wha was free of his gudes to me as ever the fountain was free of the stream. And I minded the Scripture about the sin of Israel at Mirebah, when the people murmured, although Moses had brought water from the dry rock that the congregation might drink and live. Sae, I wad not trust mysell with another look at poor Woodend, for the very blue reek that came out of the lum-head pat me in mind of the change of market-days with us.”

In this resigned and Christian temper she pursued her journey, until she was beyond this place of melancholy recollections, and not distant from the village where Butler dwelt, which, with its oldfashioned church and steeple, rises among a tuft of trees, occupying the ridge of an eminence to the south of Edinburgh. At a quar-

ter of a mile's distance is a clumsy square tower, the residence of the laird, who, in former times, with the habits of the predatory chivalry of Germany, is said frequently to have annoyed the city of Edinburgh, by intercepting the supplies and merchandise which came to the town from the southward.

This village, its tower, and its church, did not lie precisely in Jeanie's road towards England; but they were not much aside from it, and the village was the abode of Butler. She had resolved to see him in the beginning of her journey, because she conceived him the most proper person to write to her father concerning her resolution and her hopes. There was probably another reason latent in her affectionate bosom. She wished once more to see the object of so early and so sincere an attachment, before commencing a pilgrimage, the perils of which she did not disguise from herself, although she did not allow them so to press upon her mind as to diminish the strength and energy of her resolution. A visit to a lover from a young person in a higher rank of life than Jeanie's, would have had something forward and improper in its character. But the simplicity of her rural habits was inconsistent with these punctilious ideas of decorum, and no notion, therefore, of impro-

priety crossed her imagination, as, setting out upon a long journey, she went to bid adieu to an early friend.

There was still another motive that pressed upon her mind with additional force as she approached the village. She had looked anxiously for Butler in the court-house, and had expected that certainly, in some part of that eventful day, he would have appeared to bring such countenance and support as he could give to his old friend, and the protector of his youth, even if her own claims were laid aside. She knew, indeed, that he was under a certain degree of restraint; but she still had hoped that he would have found means to emancipate himself from it, at least for one day. In short, the wild and wayward thoughts which Wordsworth has described as rising in an absent lover's imagination, suggested as the only explanation of his absence, that Butler must be very ill. And so much had this wrought on her imagination, that when she approached the cottage in which her lover occupied a small apartment, and which had been pointed out to her by a maiden with a milkpail on her head, she trembled at anticipating the answer she might receive on enquiring for him.

Her fears in this case had, indeed, only hit upon the truth. Butler, whose constitution was

naturally feeble, did not soon recover the fatigue of body and distress of mind which he had suffered, in consequence of the tragical events with which our narrative commenced. The painful idea that his character was breathed on by suspicion, was an aggravation to his distress.

But the most cruel addition was the absolute prohibition laid by the magistrates on his holding any communication with Deans or his family. It had unfortunately appeared likely to them, that some intercourse might be again attempted with that family by Robertson, through the medium of Butler, and this they were anxious to intercept, or prevent if possible. The measure was not meant as a harsh or injurious severity on the part of the magistrates; but, in Butler's circumstances, it pressed cruelly hard. He felt he must be suffering under the bad opinion of the person who was dearest to him, from an imputation of unkind desertion, the most alien to his nature.

This painful thought, pressing on a frame already injured, brought on a succession of slow and lingering feverish attacks, which greatly impaired his health, and at length rendered him incapable even of the sedentary duties of the school, on which his bread depended. Fortunate-

ly, old Mr Whackbairn, who was the principal of the little parochial establishment, was sincerely attached to Butler. Besides that he was sensible of his merits and value as an assistant, which had greatly raised the credit of his little school, the ancient pedagogue, who had himself been tolerably educated, retained some taste for classical lore, and would gladly relax after the drudgery of the school was over, by conning over a few pages of Horace or Juvenal with his usher. A similarity of taste begot kindness, and he, accordingly, saw Butler's increasing debility with great compassion, roused up his own energies to teaching the school in the morning hours, insisted upon his assistant's reposing himself at that period, and, besides, supplied him with such comforts as the patient's situation required, and his own means were inadequate to compass.

Such was Butler's situation, scarce able to drag himself to the place where his daily drudgery must gain his daily bread, and racked with a thousand fearful anticipations concerning the fate of those who were dearest to him in the world, when the trial and condemnation of Effie Deans put the cope-stone upon his mental misery.

He had a particular account of these events from a fellow student, who resided in the same

village, and who, having been present on the melancholy occasion, was able to place it in all its agony of horrors before his excruciated imagination. That sleep should have visited his eyes, after such a curfew-note, was impossible. A thousand dreadful visions haunted his imagination all night, and in the morning he was awaked from a feverish slumber, by the only circumstance which could have added to his distress — the visit of an intrusive ass.

This unwelcome visitant was no other than Bartholine Saddletree. The worthy and sapient burgher had kept his appointment at Mac Croskie's, with Plumdamas and some other neighbours, to discuss the Duke of Argyle's speech, the justice of Effie Deans's condemnation, and the improbability of her obtaining a reprieve. This sage conclave disputed high and drank deep, and on the next morning Bartholine felt, as he expressed it, as if his head was like a "confused progress of writs."

To bring his reflective powers to their usual serenity, Saddletree resolved to take a morning's ride upon a certain hackney, which he, Plumdamas, and another honest shopkeeper, combined to maintain by joint subscription, for occasional jaunts for the purpose of business or exercise.

As Saddletree had two children boarded with Whackbairn, and was, as we have seen, rather fond of Butler's society, he turned his palfrey's head towards Libberton, and came, as we have already said, to give the unfortunate usher that additional vexation, of which Imogene complains so feelingly when she says,

«I'm sprighted with a fool —
Sprighted and angered worse. » — —

If any thing could have added gall to bitterness, it was the choice which Saddletree made of a subject for his prosing harangues, being the trial of Effie Deans, and the probability of her being executed. Every word fell on Butler's ear like the knell of a death-bell, or the note of a screech-owl.

Jeanie paused at the door of her lover's humble abode upon hearing the loud and pompous tones of Saddletree sounding from the inner apartment, «Credit me, it will be sae, Mr Butler. — Brandy cannot save her. — She maun gang down the Bow wi' the lad in the pioted coat at her heels. — I am sorry for the lassie, but the law, sir, maun hae its course —

«Vivat Rex,
Currat Lex,»

as the poet has it, in whilk of Horace's odes I know not."

Here Butler groaned, in utter impatience of the brutality and ignorance which Bartholine had contrived to amalgamate into one sentence. But Saddletree, like other prozers, was blessed with a happy obtuseness of perception concerning the unfavourable impression which he sometimes made on his auditors. He proceeded to deal forth his scraps of legal knowledge without mercy, and concluded by asking Butler, with great self-complacency, "Was it na a pity my father didna send me to Utrecht? Havena I missed the chance to turn out a *clarissimus ictus*, as auld Grunwiggin himsell? -- Whatfor dinna ye speak, Mr Butler? Wad I no hae been a *clarissimus ictus*? -- Eh, man?"

"I really do not understand you, Mr Saddletree," said Butler, thus pushed hard for an answer. His faint and exhausted tone of voice was instantly drowned in the sonorous bray of Bartholine.

"No understand me, man? -- *Ictus* is Latin for a lawyer, is it not?"

"Not that ever I heard of," answered Butler, in the same dejected tone.

“The de’il ye didna! — See, man, I got the word but this morning out of a memorial of Mr Crossmyloof’s — see there it is. *ictus clarissimus et perti* — *peritissimus*. it’s a’ Latin, for it’s printed in the Italian types.”

“O, you mean *juris-consultus* — *Ictus* is an abbreviation for *juris-consultus*.”

“Dinna tell me, man,” persevered Saddle-tree, “there’s nae abbreviates except in adjudications; and this is a’ about a servitude of water-drap — that is to say, *tillicidian*,* (maybe ye’ll say that’s no Latin neither,) in Mary King’s Close, in the High Street.”

“Very likely,” said poor Butler, overwhelmed by the noisy perseverance of his visitor. “I am not able to dispute with you.”

“Few folks are — few folks are, Mr Butler, though I say it, that should na say it,” returned Bartholine, with great delight. “Now it will be twa hours yet or ye’re wanted in the schule, and as ye are no weel, I’ll sit wi’ you to divert ye, and explain t’ye the nature of a *tillicidian*. Ye maun ken the pursuer, Mrs Crombie, a very

* He meant, probably, *stillicidium*.

decent woman, is a friend of mine, and I hae stude her friend in this case, and brought her wi' credit into the court, and I doubtna, that in due time she will win out o't wi' credit, win she or lose she. Ye see, being an inferior tenement or laigh-house, we grant ourselves to be burthened wi' the *tillicide*, that is, that we are obligated to receive the natural water-drap of the superior tenement, sae far as the same fa's frae the heavens, or the roof of our neighbour's house, and from thence by the gutters or eaves upon our laigh tenement. But the other night comes a Highland quean of a lass, and she flashes, God kens what, out at the eastmost window of Mrs MacPhail's house, that's the superior tenement. I believe the auld women wad haegreed, for Luckie MacPhail sent down the lass to tell my friend Mrs Crombie that she had made the gardyloo out of the wrang window, out of respect for twa Highlandmen that were speaking Gaelic in the close below the right ane. But luckily for Mrs Crombie. I just chanced to come in time to break aff the communing, for it's a pity the point suldna be tried. We had Mrs MacPhail into the Ten-Mark Court — The hieland limmer of a lass wanted to swear herself free — but haud ye there, says I" —

The detailed account of this important suit might have lasted until poor Butler's hour of

rest was completely exhausted, had not Saddle-tree been interrupted by the noise of voices at the door. The woman of the house where Butler lodged, on returning with her pitcher from the well, whence she had been fetching water for the family, found our heroine Jeanie Deans standing at the door, impatient of the prolix harangue of Saddle-tree, yet unwilling to enter until he should have taken his leave.

The good woman abridged the period of hesitation by enquiring, "Was ye wanting the gudeman or me, lass?"

"I wanted to speak with Mr Butler, if he's at leisure," replied Jeanie.

"Gang in bye then, my woman," answered the goodwife; and opening the door of a room, she announced the additional visitor, with "Mr Butler, here's a lass wants to speak t'ye."

The surprise of Butler was extreme, when Jeanie, who seldom stirred half a mile from home, entered his apartment upon this announcement.

"Good God!" he said, starting from his chair, while alarm restored to his cheek the colour of which sickness had deprived it; "some new misfortune must have happened."

«None, Mr Reuben, but what you must hae heard of — but O ye are looking ill yoursell! — for the «hectic of a moment» had not concealed from her affectionate eye the ravages which lingering disease and anxiety of mind had made in her lover's person.

«No: I am well — quite well,» said Butler, with eagerness; «if I can do anything to assist you, Jeanie — or your father.»

«Ay, to be sure,» said Saddletree; «the family may be considered as limited to them twa now, just as if Effie had never been in the tailzie, puir thing. But Jeanie, lass, what brings you out to Libberton sae air in the morning, and your father lying ill in the Luckenbooths?»

«I had a message frae my father to Mr Butler,» said Jeanie, with embarrassment; but instantly feeling ashamed of the fiction to which she had resorted, for her love of and veneration for truth was almost Quaker like, she corrected herself — «that is to say, I wanted to speak with Mr Butler about some business of my father's and puir Effie's.»

«Is it law business?» said Bartholine; «because if it be, ye had better take my opinion on the subject than his.»

“It is not just law business,” said Jeanie, who saw considerable inconvenience might arise from letting Mr Saddletree into the secret purpose of her journey; “but I want Mr Butler to write a letter for me.”

“Very right,” said Mr Saddletree; “and if ye’ll tell me what it is about, I’ll dictate to Mr Butler as Mr Crossmyloof does to his clerk. Get your pen and ink *in initialibus*, Mr Butler.”

Jeanie looked at Butler, and wrung her hands with vexation and impatience.

“I believe, Mr Saddletree,” said Butler, who saw the necessity of getting rid of him at all events, “that Mr Whackbairn will be somewhat affronted, if you do not hear your boys called up to their lessons.”

“Indeed, Mr Butler, and that’s as true, and I promised to ask a half-play-day to the schule, so that the bairns might gang and see the hanging, which canna but have a pleasing affect on their young minds, seeing there is no knowing what they may come to themselves. — Odd so, I didna mind ye were here, Jeanie Deans; but ye maun use yoursell to hear the matter spoken o’. — Keep Jeanie here till I come back, Mr Butler; I wunna bide ten minutes.”

And with this unwelcome assurance of an immediate return, he relieved them of the embarrassment of his presence.

“Reuben,” said Jeanie, who saw the necessity of using the interval of his absence in discussing what had brought her there. “I am bound on a lang journey — I am gaun to Lunnon to ask Effie’s life at the king and at the queen.”

“Jeanie! you are surely not yourself,” answered Butler, in the utmost surprise, “*you* go to London — *you* address the king and queen!”

“And what for no, Reuben?” said Jeanie, with all the composed simplicity of her character; “it’s but speaking to a mortal man and woman when a’ is done. And their hearts maun be made o’ flesh and blood like other folk’s, and Effie’s story wad melt them were they stane. Forbye, I hae heard that they are no sic bad folk as what the jacobites ca’s them.”

“Yes, Jeanie,” said Butler; “but their magnificence — their retinue — the difficulty of getting audience?”

“I have thought of a’ that, Reuben, and it shall not break my spirit. Nae doubt their claiiths will be very grand, wi’ their crowns on their heads, and their sceptres in their hands, like the

great King Ahasuerus when he sate upon his royal throne foranent the gate of his house, as we are told in Scripture. But I have that within me that will keep my heart from failing, and I am amaist sure that I will be strengthened to speak the errand I came for."

"Alas! alas!" said Butler, "the kings now-a-days do not sit in the gate to administer justice, as in patriarchal times. I know as little of courts as you do, Jeanie, by experience; but by reading and report, I know that the King of Britain does every thing by means of his ministers."

"And if they be upright, God-fearing ministers," said Jeanie, "it's sae muckle the better chance for Effie and me."

"But you do not even understand the most ordinary words relating to a court," said Butler; "by the ministry is meant the king's official servants."

"Nae doubt," returned Jeanie, "he maun hae a great number mair, I dare to say, than the duchess has at Dalkeith, and great folk's servants are aye mair saucy than themselves. But I'll be decently put on, and I'll offer them a trifle o' siller, as if I came to see the palace. Or if they scruple that, I'll tell them I'm come

on a business of life and death, and then they will surely bring me to speech of the king and queen?"

Butler shook his head. "O, Jeanie, this is entirely a wild deam. You can never see them but through some great lord's intercession, and I think it is scarce possible even then."

"Weel, but maybe I can get that too," said Jeanie, "with a little helping from you."

"From me, Jeanie! this is the wildest imagination of all."

"Ay; but it is not, Reuben — Havena I heard you say, that your grandfather (that my father never likes to hear about) did some gude langsyne to the forbear of this MacCallummore, when he was Lord of Lorn?"

"He did so," said Butler, eagerly, "and I can prove it — I will write to the Duke of Argyle — report speaks him a good kindly man, as he is known for a brave soldier and true patriot I will conjure him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means."

"We *must* try all means," replied Jeanie; "but writing winna do it — a letter canna look,

and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinets — naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It's word of mouth maun do it, or naething, Reuben."

"You are right," said Reuben, recollecting his firmness, "and I will hope that Heaven has suggested to your kind heart and firm courage the only possible means of saving the life of this unfortunate girl. But, Jeanie, you must not take this most perilous journey alone; I have an interest in you, and I will not agree that my Jeanie throws herself away. You must even, in the present circumstances, give me a husband's right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty by your family."

"Alas, Reuben!" said Jeanie in her turn, "this must not be; a pardon will not gie my sister her fair fame again, or make me a bride fitting for an honest man and an usefu' minister. Wha wad mind what he said in the pu'pit, that had to wife the sister of a woman that was condemned for sic wickedness?"

"But, Jeanie," pleaded her lover, "I do not believe, and I cannot believe, that Effie has done this deed."

“Heaven bless you for saying sae, Reuben,” answered Jeanie; “but she maun bear the blame o’t after all.”

“But that blame, were it justly laid on her, does not fall on you?”

“Ah, Reuben, Reuben,” replied the young woman, “ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin. — Ichabod — as my poor father says — the glory is departed from our house; for the poorest man’s house has a glory, where there are true hands, a divine heart, and an honest fame — And the last has gane frae us a’.”

“But, Jeanie, consider your word and plighted faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man to protect you, and who should that protector be but your husband?”

“You are kind and good, Reuben, and wad take me wi’ a’ my shame, I doubt na. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry or be given in marriage. Na, if that suld ever be, it maun be in another and a better season. — And, dear Reuben, ye speak of protecting me on my journey — Alas! who will protect and take care of you — your very limbs tremble with standing for ten minutes on the floor; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lunnon?”

“But I am strong — I am well,” continued Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted, “at least I will be quite well to-morrow.”

“Ye see, and ye ken, ye maun just let me depart,” said Jeanie, after a pause; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, “It’s e’en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie’s sake, for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for Mac Callummore, and bid God speed me on my way.”

There was something of romance in Jeanie’s venturous resolution; yet, on consiederation, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some farther debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket Bible. “I have marked a scripture,” she said, as she again laid it down, “with your kylevine pen, that will be useful to us baith. And ye maun tak the trouble, Reuben, to write

a' this to my father, for, God help me, I have neither head nor hand for lang letters at ony time, forbye now; and I trust him entirely to you, and I trust you will soon be permitted to see him. And, Reuben, when ye do win to the speech o' him, mind a' the auld man's bits o' ways for Jeanie's sake; and dinna speak o' Latin or English terms to him, for he's o' the auld world, and downa bide to be fashed wi' them, though I dare say he may be wrang. And dinna ye say muckle to him, but set him on speaking himsell, for he'll bring himsell mair comfort that way. And O, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon — but I needna bid your kind heart — gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her — tell her — but I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna take leave o' ye wi' the tear in my ee, for that wadna be canny. — God bless ye, Reuben!

To avoid so ill an omen she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear, in order to support Butler's spirits.

It seemed as if the power of light, of speech, and of reflection, had left him as she disappeared from the room, which she had entered and re-

tired from so like an apparition. Saddletree, who entered immediately afterwards, overwhelmed him with questions, which he answered without understanding them, and with legal disquisitions, which conveyed to him no iota of meaning. At length the learned burgess recollected that there was a Baron Court to be held at Loanhead that day, and though it was hardly worth while, "he might as weel go to see if there was ony thing doing, as he was acquainted with the baron-baillie, who was a decent man, and would be glad of a word of legal advice."

So soon as he departed, Butler flew to the Bible, the last book which Jeanie had touched. To his extreme surprise, a paper, containing two or three pieces of gold, dropped from the book. With a black-lead pencil, she had marked the sixteenth and twenty-fifth verses of the thirty-seventh Psalm, — "A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of the wicked." — "I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

Deeply impressed with the affectionate delicacy which shrouded its own generosity under the cover of a providential supply to his wants,

he pressed the gold to his lips with more ardour than ever the metal was greeted by a miser. To emulate her devout firmness and confidence seemed now the pitch of his ambition, and his first task was to write an account to David Deans of his daughter's resolution and journey southward. He studied every sentiment, and even every phrase, which he thought could reconcile the old man to her extraordinary resolution. The effect which this epistle produced will be hereafter adverted to. Butler committed it to the charge of an honest clown, who had frequent dealings with Deans in the sale of his dairy produce, and who readily undertook a journey to Edinburgh, to put the letter into his own hands.*

* By dint of assiduous research I am enabled to certify the reader, that the name of this person was Saunders Broadfoot, and that he dealt in the wholesome commodity called kirn-milk, (*Anglice*, buttermilk.) — J. C.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"My native land, good night."

LORD BYRON.

IN the present day, a journey from Edinburgh to London is a matter at once safe, brief, and simple, however inexperienced or unprotected the traveller. Numerous coaches of different rates of charge, and as many packets, are perpetually passing and repassing betwixt the capital of Britain and her northern sister, so that the most timid or indolent may execute such a journey upon a few hours notice. But it was different in 1737. So slight and infrequent was the intercourse betwixt London and Edinburgh, that men still alive remember that upon one occasion

the mail from the former city arrived at the General Post-Office in Scotland, with only one letter in it. The usual mode of travelling was by means of post-horses, the traveller occupying one and his guide another, in which manner, by relays of horses from stage to stage, the journey might be accomplished in a wonderfully short time by those who could endure fatigue. To have the bones shaken to pieces by a constant change of those hacks was a luxury for the rich — the poor were under the necessity of using the mode of conveyance with which nature had provided them.

With a strong heart, and a frame patient of fatigue, Jeanie Deans, travelling at the rate of twenty miles a-day, and sometimes farther, traversed the southern part of Scotland, and advanced as far as Durham.

Hitherto she had been either among her own country-folks, or those to whom her bare feet and tartan screen were objects too familiar to attract much attention. But as she advanced, she perceived that both circumstances exposed her to sarcasm and taunts, which she might otherwise have escaped; and, although in her heart she thought it unkind, and unhospitable, to sneer at a passing stranger on account of the

fashion of her attire, yet she had the good sense to alter those parts of her dress which attracted ill-natured observation. Her checkered screen was deposited carefully in her bundle, and she conformed to the national extravagance of wearing shoes and stockings for the whole day.

She confessed afterwards, that, «besides the wastrife, is was lang or she could walk sae comfortably with the shoes as without them, but there was often a bit saft heather by the roadside, and that helped her weel on.” The want of the screen, which was drawn over the head like a veil, she supplied by a *bon-grace*, as she called it; a large straw bonnet, like those worn by the English maidens when labouring in the fields. «But I thought unco shame o’ mysell,” she said, «the first time I put on a married woman’s *bon-grace*, and me a single maiden.”

With these changes she had little, as she said, to make «her kenspeckle when she didna speak,” but her accent and language drew down on her so many jests and gibes, couched in a worse *patois* by far than her own, that she soon found it was her interest to speak as little and as seldom as possible. She answered, therefore, civil salutations of chance passengers with a civil curtsey, and chose, with anxious circumspec-

tion, such places of repose as looked at once most decent and sequestered. She found the common people of England, although inferior in courtesy to strangers, such as was then practised in her own more unfrequented country, yet, upon the whole, by no means deficient in the real duties of hospitality. She readily obtained food, and shelter, and protection at a very moderate rate, which sometimes the generosity of mine host altogether declined, with a blunt apology, — «Thee hast a lang way afore thee, lass; and I'se ne'er take penny out o' a single woman's purse; it's the best friend thou can have on the road.»

It often happened, too, that mine hostess was struck with «the tidy, nice Scotch body,» and procured her an escort or a cast in a waggon for some part of the way, or gave her useful advice and recommendation respecting her resting places.

At York our pilgrim stopped for the best part of a day, partly to recruit her strength, — partly because she had the good luck to obtain a lodging in an inn kept by a countrywoman, — partly to indite two letters to her father and Reuben Butler; an operation of some little difficulty, her habits being by no means those of

literary composition. That to her father was in the following words:

“DEAREST FATHER,

“I make my present pilgrimage more heavy and burthensome, through the sad occasion to reflect that it is without your knowledge, which, God knows, was far contrary to my heart; for Scripture says, that “the vow of the daughter should not be binding without consent of the father,” wherein it may be I have been guilty to tak this wearie journey without your consent. Nevertheless, it was borne in upon my mind that I should be an instrument to help my poor sister in this extremity of needcessity, otherwise I wad not, for wealth or for world’s gear, or for the hale lands of Da’keith and Lugton, have done the like o’ this, without your free will and knowledge. O, dear father, as ye wad desire a blessing on my journey, and upon your household, speak a word or write a line of comfort to yon poor prisoner. If she has sinned, she has sorrowed and suffered, and ye ken better than me, that we maun forgie others, as we pray to be forgi’en. Dear father, forgive my saying this muckle, for it doth not become a young head to instruct grey hairs; but I am sae far frae ye, that my heart yearns to ye a’, and fain wad I

hear that ye had forgi'en her trespass, and sae I nae doubt say mair than may become me. The folk here are civil, and, like the barbarians unto the holy apostle, hae shown me much kindness; and there are a sort of chosen people in the land, for they hae some kirks without organs that are like ours, and are called meeting-houses, where the minister preaches without a gown. But most of the country are prelatists, whilk is awfu' to think; and I saw twa men that were ministers following hunds, as bauld as Roslin or Driden, the young Laird of Loup-the-dike, or ony wild gallant in Lothian. A sorrowfu' sight to behold! O, dear father, may a blessing be with your down-lying and uprising, and remember in your prayers your affectionate daughter to command,

«JEAN DEANS.»

A postscript bore, «I learned from a decent woman, a grazier's widow, that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca't, of yill, whilk is a dribble in comparison of our gawsie Scots pint, and hardly half ane mutchkin, boil'd wi' sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed down the creature's throat wi' ane whorn. Ye might try it on the bauson-faced year-auld quey; an' it does nae

gude, it can do nae ill. — She was a kind woman, and seemed skeely about horned beast'. When I reach Lunnon, I intend to gang to our cousin Mistress Glass, the tobacconist, at the sign o' the Thistle, wha is so ceevil as to send you down your spleuchan-fu' anes a-year, and as she must be well kenn'd in Lunnon, I doubt not easily to find out where she lives."

Being seduced into betraying' our heroine's confidence thus far, we will stretch our communication a step beyond, and impart to the reader her letter to her lover.

"MR REUBEN BUTLER,

"Hoping this will find you better, this comes to say, that I have reached this great town safe, and am not wearied with walking, but the better for it. And I have seen many things which I trust to tell you one day, also the muckle kirk of this place; and all around the city are mills, whilk havena muckle-wheels nor mill-dams, but gang by the wind — strange to behold. Ane miller asked me to gang in and see it work, but I wad not, for I am not come to the south to make acquaintance with strangers. I keep the straight road, and just beck if ony body speaks to me

ceevilly, and answers naebody with the tong but women of mine ain sect. I wish, Mr Butler, I kenn'd ony thing that wad mak ye weel, for they hae mair medicines in this town of York than wad cure a' Scotland, and surely some of them wad be gude for your complaints. If ye had a kindly motherly body to nurse ye, and no to let ye waste yoursell wi' reading — whilk ye read mair than aneugh with the bairns in the schule — and to gie ye warm milk in the morning, I wad be mair easy for ye. Dear Mr Butler, keep a good heart, for we are in the hands of ane that kens better what is gude for us than we ken what is for oursells. I hae nae doubt to do that for which I am come — I canna doubt it — I winna think to doubt it — because, if I haena full assurance, how shall I bear myself with earnest entreaties in the great folks presence. But to ken that ane's purpose is right, and to make their heart strong, is the way to get through the warst day's dargue. The bairns' rime says, the warst blast of the borrowing days couldna kill the three silly poor hog-lams. And if it be God's pleasure, we that are sindered in sorrow may meet again in joy, even on this hither side of Gordan. I dinna bid ye mind what I said at our partin' anent my poor father and that misfortunate lassie, for I ken you will

do sae for the sake of Christian charity, whilk is mair than the entreaties of her that is your servant to command,

“JEANIE DEANS.”

This letter also had a postscript. “Dear Reuben, If ye think that it wad hae been right for me to have said mair and kinder things to ye, just think that I hae written sae, since I am sure that I wish a’ that is kind and right to ye and by ye. Ye will think I am turned waster, for I wear clean hose and shoon every day; but it’s the fashion here for decent bodies, and ilka land has its ain laugh. Ower and aboon a’, if laughing days were e’er to come back again till us, ye wad laugh weel to see my round face at the far end of a strae bongrace, that looks as muckle and round as the middell aisle in Libberton Kirk. But it sheds the sun weel aff, and keeps unceevil folk frae staring as if ane were a worrycow. I sall tell ye by writ how I come on wi’ the Duke of Argyle, when I won up to Lunnon. Direct a line, to say how ye are, to me, to the charge of Mrs Margaret Glass, tobacconist, at the sign of the Thistle, Lunnon, whilk, if it assures me of your health, will make my mind sae muckle easier. Excuse bad spelling and writing, as I have ane ill pen.”

The orthography of these epistles may seem to the southron to require a better apology than the letter expresses; but, on behalf of the heroine, I would have them to know, that, thanks to the care of Butler, Jeanie Deans wrote and spelled fifty times better than half the women of rank in Scotland at that period, whose strange orthography and singular diction form the strongest contrast to the good sense which their correspondence usually intimates.

For the rest, in the tenor of these epistles, Jeanie expressed, perhaps, more hopes, a firmer courage, and better spirits, than she actually felt. But this was with the amiable idea of relieving her father and lover from apprehensions on her account, which she was sensible must greatly add to their other troubles. "If they think me weel, and like to do weel," said the poor pilgrim to herself, "my father will be kinder to Effie, and Butler will be kinder to himself. For I ken weel that they will think mair o' me than I do o' mysell."

Accordingly, she sealed her letters carefully, and put them into the post-office with her own hand, after many enquiries concerning the time in which they were likely to reach Edinburgh. When this duty was performed, she readily ac-

cepted her landlady's pressing invitation to dine with her, and remain till the next morning. The hostess, as we have said, was her countrywoman, and the eagerness with which Scottish people meet, communicate, and, to the extent of their power, assist each other, although it is often objected to us, as a prejudice and narrowness of sentiment, seems, on the contrary, to arise from a most justifiable and honourable feeling of patriotism, combined with a conviction, which, if undeserved, would long since have been confuted by experience, that the habits and principles of the nation are a sort of guarantee for the character of the individual. At any rate, if the extensive influence of this national partiality be considered as an additional tie, binding man to man, and calling forth the good offices of such as can render them to the countryman who happens to need them, we think it must be found to exceed, as an active and efficient motive to generosity, that more impartial and wider principle of general benevolence, which we have sometimes seen pleaded as an excuse for assisting no individual whatever.

Mrs Bickerton, lady of the ascendant of the Seven Stars, in the Castle gate, York, was deeply infected with the unfortunate prejudices of her country. Indeed, she displayed so much kindness

to Jeanie Deans, (because, she herself, being a Merse woman, *marched* with Mid-Lothian, in which Jeanie was born,) showed such motherly regard to her, and such anxiety for her farther progress, that Jeanie thought herself safe, though by temper sufficiently cautious, in communicating her whole story to her.

Mrs Bickerton raised her hands and eyes at the recital, and exhibited much wonder and pity. But she also gave some effectual good advice.

She required to know the strength of Jeanie's purse, reduced by her deposit at Libberton, and the necessary expence of her journey to about fifteen pounds. "This," she said, "would do very well, providing she could carry it a' safe to London."

"Safe?" answered Jeanie; "I'se warrant my carrying it safe, bating the needful expences."

"Ay, but highwaymen, lassie," said Mrs Bickerton; "for ye are come into a more civilized, that is to say, a more dangerous country than the north, and how ye are to get forward, I do not profess to know. If ye could wait here eight days, our waggons would go up, and I would recommend you to Joe Broadwheel, who would see you safe to the Swan and two Necks. And dinna sneeze at Joe, if he should be for

drawing up wi' you," (continued Mrs Bickerton, her acquired English mingling with her national and original dialect,) «he's a handy boy, and a wanter, and no lad better thought o' on the road; and the English make good husbands enough, witness my poor man, Moses Bickerton, as is i' the kirk-yard.»

Jeanie hastened to say, that she could not possibly wait for the setting forth of Joe Broad-wheel, being internally by no means gratified with the idea of becoming the object of his attention during the journey.

«Aweel, lass," answered the good landlady, «then thou must pickle in thine ain poke-nook, and buckle thine girdle thine ain gate. But take my advice, and hide thy gold in thy stays, and keep a piece or two and some silver, in case thou be'st spoke withal; for there's as wud lads haunt within a day's walk from hence, as on the Braes of Doun in Perthshire. And, lass, thou maunna gang staring through Lunnon, asking wha kens Mrs Glass at the sign o' the Thistle; marry, they would laugh thee to scorn. But gang thou to this honest man," and she put a direction into Jeanie's hand, he kens maist part of the sponsible Scottish folk in the city, and he will find out your friend for thee.»

Jeanie took the little introductory letter with sincere thanks; but, something alarmed on the subject of the highway robbers, her mind recurred to what Ratcliffe had mentioned to her, and briefly relating the circumstances which placed a document so extraordinary in her hands, she put the paper he had given her into the hand of Mrs Bickerton.

The Lady of the Seven Stars did not, indeed, ring a bell, because such was not the fashion of the time, but she whistled on a silvercall, which was hung by her side, and a tight serving maiden entered the room.

“Tell Dick Ostler to come here,” said Mrs Bickerton.

Dick Ostler accordingly made his appearance; — a queer, knowing, shambling animal, with a hatchet-face, a squint, a game-arm, and a limp.

“Dick Ostler,” said Mrs Bickerton, in a tone of authority that showed she was (at least by adoption) Yorkshire too, “thou knowest most people and most things o’ the road.”

“Eye, eye, God help me, mistress,” said Dick, shrugging his shoulders betwixt a repentant and a knowing expression — “Eye! I ha’ know’d a thing or twa i’ ma day, mistress.” He looked sharp and laughed — looked grave and

sighed, as one who was prepared to take the matter either way.

“Ken’st thou this wee bit paper amang the rest, man?” said Mrs Bickerton, handing him the protection which Ratcliffe had given Jeanie Deans.

When Dick had looked at the paper, he winked with one eye, extended his grotesque mouth from ear to ear, like a navigable canal, scratched his head powerfully, and then said, “Ken? — ay — maybe we ken summat, an’ it werena for harm to him, mistress?”

“None in the world,” said Mrs Bickerton; “only a dram of Hollands to thyself, man, an’ thou will’t speak.”

“Why then,” said Dick, giving the head-band of his breeches a knowing hoist with one hand, and kicking out one foot behind him to accommodate the adjustment of that important habiliment, “I dares to say the pass will be kenn’d weel aneugh on the road, and that be all.”

“But what sort of a lad was he?” said Mrs Bickerton, winking to Jeanie, as proud of her knowing ostler.

“Why, what ken I? — Jim the Rat — why he was Cock o’ the North within this twelmonth

— he and Scotch Wilson, Handie Dandie, as they called him — but he's been out o' this country a while, as I rackon; but ony gentleman, as keeps the road o' this side Stamford, will respect Jim's pass."

Without asking farther questions, the landlady filled Dick Ostler a bumper of Hollands. He ducked with his head and shoulders, scraped with his more advanced hoof, bolted the alcohol, to use the learned phrase, and withdrew to his own domains.

"I would advise thee, Jeanie," said Mrs Bickerton, "an thou meetest with ugly customers o' the road, to show them this bit paper, for it will serve thee, assure thyself."

A neat little supper concluded the evening. The exported Scotswoman, Mrs Bickerton by name, eat heartily of one or two seasoned dishes, drank some sound old ale, and a glass off stiff negus; while she gave Jeanie a history of her gout, admiring how it was possible that she, whose fathers and mothers for many generations had been farmers in Lammermuir, could have come by a disorder so totally unknown to them. Jeanie did not chuse to offend her friendly landlady, by speaking her mind on the probable origin of this complaint, but she thought on the flesh-pots of Egypt, and, in spite of all entrea-

ties to better fare, made her evening meal upon vegetables, with a glass of fair water.

Mrs Bickerton assured her, that the acceptance of any reckoning was entirely out of the question, furnished her with credentials to her correspondent in London, and to several inns upon the road where she had some influence or interest, reminded her of the precautions she should adopt for concealing her money, and as she was to depart early in the morning, took leave of her very affectionately, taking her word that she would visit her on her return to Scotland, and tell her how she had managed, and that *summum bonum* for a gossip, „all how and about it.” This Jeanie faithfully promised.

CHAPTER XXIX.

*And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind,
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.*

As our traveller set out early on the ensuing morning to prosecute her journey, and was in the act of leaving the inn-yard, Dick Ostler, who either had risen early or neglected to go to bed, either circumstance being equally incident to his calling, hollo'd out after her, — "The top of the morning to you, Moggie. Have a care o' Gunners'bury Hill, young one. Robin Hood's dead and gwone, but there be takers yet in the vale of Bever." Jeanie looked at him as if to request a further explanation, but, with a leer, a shuffle, and a shrug, inimitable, (unless by Emery,) Dick turned again to the raw-boned

steed, which he was currying, and sung as he employed the comb and brush, —

«Robin Hood was a yeoman right good,
And his bow was of trusty yew;
And if Robin said stand on the King's lea-land,
Pray, why should not we say so too?»

Jeanie pursued her journey without further enquiry, for there was nothing in Dick's manner that inclined her to prolong their conference. A painful day's journey brought her to Ferrybridge, the best inn, then and since, upon the great northern road; and an introduction from Mrs Bickerton, added to her own simple and quiet manners, so propitiated the landlady of the Swan in her favour, that the good dame procured her the convenient accommodation of a pillion and post-horse then returning to Tuxford, so that she accomplished, upon the second day after leaving York, the longest journey she had yet made. She was a good deal fatigued by a mode of travelling to which she was less accustomed than to walking, and it was considerably later than usual on the ensuing morning that she felt herself able to resume her pilgrimage. At noon the hundred-armed Trent, and the blackened ruins of Newark Castle, demolished in the great civil war, lay before her. It may easily be sup-

posed, that Jeanie had no curiosity to make antiquarian researches, but, entering the town, went straight to the inn to which she had been directed at Ferrybridge. While she procured some refreshment, she observed the girl who brought it to her, looked at her several times with fixed and peculiar interest, and at last, to her infinite surprise, enquired if her name was not Deans, and if she was not a Scotchwoman, going to London upon justice business. Jeanie, with all her simplicity of character, had some of the caution of her country, and, according to Scottish universal custom, she answered the question by another, requesting the girl would tell her why she asked these questions?

The Maritornes of the Saracen's Head, Newark, replied, «Two women had passed that morning, who had made enquiries after one Jeanie Deans, travelling to London on such an errand, and could scarce be persuaded that she had not passed on.»

Much surprised, and somewhat alarmed, (for what is inexplicable is usually alarming,) Jeanie questioned the wench about the particular appearance of these two women, but could only learn that the one was aged, and the other young; that the latter was the taller, and that

the former spoke most, and seemed to maintain an authority over her companion, and that both spoke with the Scottish accent.

This conveyed no information whatever, and with an indescribable presentiment of evil designed towards her, Jeanie adopted the resolution of taking post-horses for the next stage. In this, however, she could not be gratified; some accidental circumstances had occasioned what is called a run upon the road, and the landlord could not accommodate her with a guide and horses. After waiting some time, in hopes that a pair of horses that had gone southward would return in time for her use, she at length, feeling ashamed of her own pusillanimity, resolved to prosecute her journey in her usual manner.

“It was all plain road,” she was assured, “except a high mountain, called Gunnersbury Hill, about three miles from Grantham, which was her stage for the night.”

“I’m glad to hear there’s a hill,” said Jeanie, “for baith my sight and my very feet are weary o’ sic tracks o’ level ground — it looks a’ the way between this and York as if a’ the land had been trenched and levelled, whilk is very wearisome to my Scots een. When I lost sight of a muckle blue hill they ca’ Ingleboro’, I thought I hadna a friend left in this strange land.”

“As for the matter of that, young woman,” said mine host, “an you be so fond o’ hill, I carena an thou could’st carry Gunners’bury away with thee in thy lap, for it’s a murther to post-horses. But here’s to thy journey, and may’st thou win well through it, for thou is a bold and a canny lass.”

So saying, he took a powerful pull at a solemn tankard of home-brewed ale.

“I hope there is nae bad company on the road, sir?” said Jeanie.

“Why, when it’s clean without them I’ll thatch Groby pool wi’ pancakes. But there arena sae mony now, and since they hae lost Jim the Rat, they hold together no better than the men of Marsham when they lost their common. Take a drop ere thou goest,” he concluded, offering her the tankard; “thou wilt get naething at night save Grantham gruel, nine grots, and a gallon of water.”

Jeanie courteously declined the tankard, and enquired what was her “lawing?”

“Thy lawing? Heaven help thee, wench, what ca’st thou that?”

“It is — I was wanting to ken what was to pay,” replied Jeanie.

“Pay? Lord help thee! — why nought, woman — we hae drawn no liquor but a gill o’ beer, and the Saracen’s Head can spare a mouthful o’ meat to a stranger like o’ thee, that cannot speak Christian language. So here’s to thee once more. The same again, quoth Mark of Bellgrave,” and he took another profound pull at the tankard.

The travellers who have visited Newark more lately, will not fail to remember the remarkable civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the principal inn there, and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessor. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal.

Taking leave of her Lincolnshire Gaius, Jeanie resumed her solitary walk, and was somewhat alarmed when evening and twilight overtook her in the open ground which extends to the foot of Gunners’bury Hill, and is intersected with patches of copse and with swampy spots. The extensive commons on the north road, most of which are now enclosed, and in general a relaxed state of police, exposed the traveller to a highway robbery in a degree which is now unknown, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the me-

tropolis. Aware of this circumstance, Jeanie mended her pace when she heard the trampling of a horse behind, and instinctively drew to one side of the road, as if to allow as much room for the rider to pass as might be possible. When the animal came up, she found that it was bearing two women, the one placed on a side-saddle, the other on a pillion behind her, as may be still occasionally seen in England.

“A braw gude night to ye, Jeanie Deans,” said the foremost female as the horse passed our heroine; “What think ye o’ yon bonny hill yonder, lifting its brow to the moon? Trow ye yon’s the gate to Heaven, that ye are sae fain of? — maybe we will win there the night yet, God sain us, though our minny here’s rather driegh in the upgang.”

The speaker kept changing her seat in the saddle, and half-stopping the horse, as she brought her body round, while the woman that sate behind her on the pillion seemed to urge her on in words which Jeanie heard but imperfectly.

“Haud your tongue, ye moon-raised b — —, what is your business with or with heaven or hell either?”

«Troth, mither, no muckle wi' heaven, I doubt, considering wha I carry ahint me — and as for hell, it will fight its ain battle at its ain time, I'se be bound. — Come, naggie, trot awa, man, an as thou wert a broomstick, for a witch rides thee —

,With my curtch on my foot, and my shoe
on my hand,
I glance like the wildfire through brough and
through land.' »

The tramp of the horse, and the increasing distance, drowned the rest of her song, but Jeanie heard for some time the inarticulate sounds ring along the waste.

Our pilgrim remained stupified with undefined apprehensions. The being named by her name in so wild a manner, and in a strange country, without further explanation or communing, by a person who thus strangely flitted forward and disappeared before her, came near to the supernatural sounds in Comus: —

«The airy tongues, which sillable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.»

And although widely different in features, deportment, and rank, from the lady of that

enchanted masque, the continuation of the passage may be happily applied to Jeanie Deans upon this singular alarm: —

“These thoughts may startle well, but not
astound

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion — Conscience.”

In fact, it was, with the recollection of the affectionate and dutiful errand on which she was engaged, her right, if such a word could be applicable, to expect protection in a task so meritorious. She had not advanced much farther with a mind calmed by these reflections, when she was disturbed by a new and more instant subject of terror. Two men, who had been lurking among some copse, started up as she advanced, and met her on the road in a menacing manner. “Stand and deliver,” said one of them, a short stout fellow, in a smock frock, such as are worn by waggoners.

“The woman,” said the other, a tall thin figure, “does not understand the words of action. — Your money, my precious, or your life.”

“I have but very little money, gentlemen,” said poor Jeanie, tendering that portion which

she had separated from her principal stock, and kept apart for such an emergency; «but if you are resolved to have it, to be sure you must have it.»

«This won't do, my girl. D—n me, if it shall pass,» said the shorter ruffian; «do ye think gentlemen are to hazard their lives on the road to be cheated in this way? We'll have every farthing you have got, or we will strip you to the skin, curse me.»

His companion, who seemed to have something like compassion for the horror which Jeanie's countenance now expressed, said, «No, no, Tom, this is one of the precious sisters, and we'll take her word, for once, without putting her to the stripping proof. — Hark ye, my lass, if you'll look up to Heaven, and say, this is the last penny you have about ye, why, hang it, we'll let you pass.»

«I am not free,» answered Jeanie, «to say what I have about me, gentlemen, for there's life and death depends on my journey; but if you leave me as much as finds me in bread and water, I'll be satisfied, and thank you, and pray for you.»

«D—n your prayers,» said the shorter fellow, «that's a coin that won't pass with us;» and at the same time made a motion to seize her.

“Stay, gentleman,” Ratcliffe’s pass suddenly occurring to her; “perhaps you know this paper.”

“What devil is she after now, Frank?” said the more savage ruffian — “Do you look at it, for, d—n me, if I could read it, if it were for the benefit of my clergy.”

“This is a jark from Jim Ratcliffe, said the taller, having looked at the bit of paper. “The wench must pass by our cutter’s law.”

“I say no,” answered his companion; “Rat has left the lay, and turned bloodhound, they say.”

“We may need a good turn from him all the same,” said the taller ruffian again.

“But what are we to do then?” said the shorter man. — “We promised, you know, to strip the wench, and send her begging back to her own beggarly country, and now you are for letting her go on.”

“I did not say that,” said the other fellow, and whispered to his companion, who replied, “Be alive about it then, and don’t keep chattering till some travellers come up to nab us.”

“You must follow us off the road, young woman,” said the taller.

“For the love of God!” exclaimed Jeanie, “as you were born of woman, dinna ask me to leave the road; rather take all I have in the world.”

“What the devil is the wench afraid of?” said the other fellow. “I tell you you shall come to no harm; but if you will not leave the road and come with us, d—n me, but I’ll beat your brains out where you stand.”

“Thou art a rough bear, Tom,” said his companion. — “An ye touch her, I’ll give ye a shake by the collar shall make the Leicester beans rattle in thy guts. — Never mind him, girl, I will not allow him to lay a finger on you, if you walk quietly on with us; but if you keep jabbering there, d—n me, but I’ll leave him to settle it with you.”

This threat conveyed all that is terrible to the imagination of poor Jeanie, who saw in him that “was of milder mood” her only protection from the most brutal treatment. She, therefore, not only followed him, but even held him by the sleeve, lest he should escape from her; and the fellow, hardened as he was, seemed something touched by those marks of confidence, and repeatedly assured her, that he would suffer her to receive no harm.

They conducted their prisoner in a direction leading more and more from the public road, but she observed that they kept a sort of track or byepath, which relieved her from part of her apprehensions, which would have been greatly increased had they not seemed to follow a determined and ascertained route. After about half an hour's walking, all three in profound silence, they approached an old barn, which stood on the edge of some cultivated ground, but remote from every thing like a habitation. It was itself, however, tenanted, for there was light in the windows.

One of the foot-pads scratched at the door, which was opened by a female, and they entered with their unhappy prisoner. An old woman, who was preparing food by the assistance of a stifling fire of lighted charcoal, asked them, in the name of the devil, what they brought the wench there for, and why they did not strip her and turn her abroad on the common?

"Come, come, Mother Blood," said the tall man, "we'll do what's right to oblige you, and we'll do no more, we are bad enough, but not such as you would make us — devils incarnate."

"She has got a *jark* from Jim Ratcliffe," said the short fellow, "and Frank here won't hear of our putting her through the mill."

“No, that will I not, by G—d, answered Frank; “but if old mother Blood could keep her here for a little while, or send her back to Scotland without hurting her, why, I see no harm in that — not I.”

“I’ll tell you what, Frank Levitt,” said the old woman, “if you call me Mother Blood again, I’ll paint this gulley (and she held a knife up as if about to make good her threat) in the best blood in your body, my bonny boy.”

“The price of ointment must be up in the north,” said Frank, “that puts Mother Blood so much out of humour.”

Without a moment’s hesitation the fury darted her knife at him with the vengeful dexterity of a wild Indian. As he was on his guard, he avoided the missile by a sudden motion of his head, but it whistled past his ear, and stuck in the clay wall of a partition behind.

“Come, come, mother,” said the robber, seizing her by both wrists, “I shall teach you who’s master;” and so saying, he forced the hag backwards by main force, who strove vehemently until she sunk on a bunch of straw, and then letting go her hands, he held up his finger towards her in the menacing posture by which a maniac is intimidated by his keeper. It appeared to produce the desired effect; for she did not

attempt to rise from the seat on which he had placed her, or to resume any measures of actual violence, but wrung her withered hands with impotent rage, and brayed and howled like a demoniac.

“I will keep my promise with you, you old devil,” said Frank; “the wench shall not go forward on the London road, but I will not have you touch a hair of her head, if it were but for your insolence.”

This intimation seemed to compose in some degree the vehement passion of the old hag; and while her exclamations and howls sunk into a low, maundering, growling tone of voice, another personage was added to this singular party.

“Eh, Frank Levitt,” said this new comer, who entered with a hop, step, and jump, which at once conveyed her from the door into the centre of the party, “were ye killing our mother? or were ye cutting the grunter’s weasand that Tam brought in this morning? or have ye been reading your prayers backward, to bring up my auld acquaintance the de’il amang ye?”

The tone of the speaker was so particular, that Jeanie immediately recognised the woman who had rode foremost of the pair which passed her just before she met the robbers; a circumstance which greatly increased her terror, as it

served to show that the mischief designed against her was premeditated, though by whom, or for what cause, she was totally at a loss to conjecture. From the style of her conversation, the reader also may probably acknowledge in this female an old acquaintance in the earlier part of our narrative.

“Out, ye mad devil,” said Tom whom she had disturbed in the middle of a draught of some liquor with which he had found means of accommodating himself; “betwixt your Bess of Bedlam pranks, and your dam’s frenzies, a man might live quieter in the devil’s ken than here.” — And he again resumed the broken jug out of which he had been drinking.

“And wha’s this o’t?” said the mad woman, dancing up to Jeanie Deans, who, although in great terror, yet watched the scene with a resolution to let nothing pass unnoticed which might be serviceable in assisting her to escape, or informing her as to the true nature of her situation, and the danger attending it, — “Wha’s this o’t!” again exclaimed Madge Wildfire. „Douce Davie Deans, the auld doited whig body’s daughter in a gypsy’s barn, and the night setting in; this is a sight for sair een! — Eh sirs, the falling off o’ the Godly! — and the t’other sister’s in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh; I

am very sorry for her, for my share — it's my mother wusses ill to her, and no me — though maybe I hae as muckle cause."

„Hark ye, Madge," said the taller ruffian, „you have not such a touch of the devil's blood as the hag your mother, wo may be his dam for what I know — take this young woman to your kennel, and do not let the devil enter, though he should ask in God's name."

„Ou ay; that I will, Frank," said Madge, taking hold of Jeanie by the arm, and pulling her along; „for it's no for decent Christian young leddies, like her and me, to be keeping the like o' you and Tyburn Tam company at this time o' night. Sae gude e'en t'ye, sirs, and mony o' them; and may ye a' sleep till the hangman wauken ye, and then it will be weel for the country."

She then, as her wild fancy seemed suddenly to prompt her, walked demurely towards her mother, who, seated by the charcoal fire, with the reflection of the red light on her withered and distorted features marked by every evil passion, seemed the very picture of Hecate at her infernal rites; and suddenly dropping on her knees, said, with the manner of a child six years old, „Mammie, hear me say my prayers before

I go to bed, and say God bless my bonny face, as ye used to do lang syne."

"The de'il flay the hide o' it to sole his brogues wi'," said the old lady, aiming a buffet at the suppliant, in answer to her duteous request.

The blow missed Madge, who, being probably acquainted by experience with the mode in which her mother was wont to confer her maternal benedictions, slipt out of arm's length with great dexterity and quickness. The hag then started up, and seizing a pair of old fire-tongs, would have amended her motion, by beating out the brains either of her daughter or Jeanie, (she did not seem greatly to care which,) when her hand was once more arrested by the man whom they called Frank Levitt, who, seizing her by the shoulder, flung her from him with great violence, exclaiming, "What, Mother Damnable — again, and in my sovereign presence! — Hark ye, Madge of Bedlam, get to your hole with your play-fellow, or we shall have the devil to pay here, and nothing to pay him with."

Madge took Levitt's advice, retreating as fast as she could, and dragging Jeanie along with her into a sort of recess, partitioned off from the rest of the barn, and filled with straw, from which it appeared that it was intended for the purpose of slumber. The moon-light shone through

an open hole upon a pillion, a pack-saddle, and one or two wallets, the travelling furniture of Madge and her amiable mother. — „Now, saw ye e'er in your life,“ said Madge, „sae dainty a chamber of deas? see as the moon shines down sae caller on the fresh strae! There's no a pleasanter cell in Bedlam, for a braw a place as it is on the outside. — Were ye ever in Bedlam?“

„No,“ answered Jeanie faintly, appalled by the question, and the way in which it was put, yet willing to sooth her insane companion, being in circumstances so unhappily precarious, that even the society of this gibbering mad-woman seemed a species of protection.

„Never in Bedlam!“ said Madge, as if with some surprise. — But ye'll hae been in the cells at Edinburgh?“

„Never,“ repeated Jeanie.

„Weel, I think thae daft carles the magistrates send naebody to Bedlam but me — they maun hae an unco respect for me, for whenever I am brought to them, they aye hae me back to Bedlam. But troth, Jeanie,“ (she said this in a very confidential tone,) to tell ye my private mind about it, I think ye are at nae great loss; for the keeper's a cross patch, and he maun hae it a' his ain gate, to be sure, or he makes the place waur than hell. I often tell him he's the

daftest in a' the house. — But what are they making sic a skirling for? — De'il ane o' them's get in here — it wadna be mensefu'! I will sit wi' my back again the door, it winna be that easy stirring me."

„Madge!“ — „Madge!“ — Madge Wild-fire!“ — „Madge devil! what have ye done with the horse?“ was repeatedly asked by the men without.

„He's at his supper, puir thing," answered Madge; „de'il an ye were at yours, an it were scauding brimstane, and then we wad hae less o' your din."

„His supper?“ answered the more sulky ruffian — „What d'ye mean by that? — Tell me where he is, or I will knock your Bedlam brains out!"

„He's in Gaffer Gabblewood's wheat-close, an ye maun ken."

„His wheat-close, you crazed jilt!" answered the other, with an accent of great indignation.

„O, dear Tyburn Tam, man, what ill will the blades of the young wheat do to the puir nag?"

„That is not the question," said the other robber; „but what the country will say to us to-morrow, when they see him in such quarters."

— Go, Tom, and bring him in; and avoid the soft ground, my lad; leave no hoof-track behind you."

"I think you give me always the fag of it, whatever is to be done," grumbled his companion.

"Leap, Laurence, you're long enough," said the other; and the fellow left the barn accordingly, without farther remonstrance.

In the meanwhile, Madge had arranged herself for repose on the straw, but still in a half-sitting posture, with her back resting against the door of the hovel, which, as it opened inwards, was in this manner kept shut by the weight of her person.

"There's mair shifts by stealing, Jeanie," said Madge Wildfire; though whiles I can hardly get our mother to think sae. Whae wad hae thought but mysell of making a bolt of my ain back-bane! But it's no sae strong as thae that I hae seen in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh. The hammermen of Edinburgh are to my mind afore the world for making stauncheons, ring-bolts, fetter-bolts, bars, and locks. And they arena that bad at girdles for carcakes neither, though the Cu'ross hammermen have the gree for that. My mother had ance a bonny Cu'ross girdle, and I thought to have baked carcakes on it for

my puir wean that's dead and gane nae fair way — but we maun a' dee, ye ken, Jeanie — You Cameronian bodies ken that brawlies; and ye're for making a hell upon earth that ye may be less unwullin to part wi' it. But as touching Bedlam that ye were speaking about, I'se ne'er recommend it muckle the tae gate or the tother, be it right — be it wrang. But ye ken what the sang says." And, pursuing the unconnected and floating wanderings of her mind, she sung aloud —

„In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty."

„Weel, Jeanie, I am something herse the night, and I canna sing muckle mair; and troth, I think, I am gaun to sleep."

She dropped her head on her breast, a posture from which Jeanie, who would have given the world for an opportunity of quiet to consider the means and the probability of her escape, was very careful not to disturb her. After nodding, however, for a minute or two, with her eyes half closed, the unquiet and restless spirit

of her malady again assailed Madge. She raised her head, and spoke, but with a lowered tone, which was again gradually overcome by drowsiness, to which the fatigue of a day's journey on horseback had probably given unwonted occasion, — „I dinna ken what makes me sae sleepy — I amaist never sleep till my bonny Lady Moon gangs till her bed — mair by token, when she's at the full, ye ken, rowing aboon us yonder in her grand silver coach — I have danced to her my lane sometimes for very joy — and whiles dead folk came and danced wi' me — the like o' Jock Porteous, or ony body I had kenn'd when I was living — for ye maun ken I was ance dead mysell.“ Here the poor maniac sung in a low and wild tone,

„My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard
 Sae far ayont the sea,
 And it is but my blithsome ghaist
 That's speaking now to thee.“

„But after a', Jeanie, my woman, naebody kens weel wha's living and wha's dead — or wha's gane to Fairyland — there's another question. Whiles I think my puir bairn's dead — ye ken very weel it's buried — but that signifies naething. I have had it on my knee a hundred times, and a hundred till that, since it was buried

— and how could that be were it dead, ye ken — it's merely impossible." — And here, some conviction half-overcoming the reveries of her imagination, she burst into a fit of crying and ejaculation, „Waes me! waes mae! waes me!“ till at length she moaned and sobbed herself into a deep sleep, which was soon intimated by her breathing hard, leaving Jeanie to her own melancholy reflections and observations.

CHAPTER XXX.

*Bind her quickly; or, by this steel,
I'll tell, although I truss for company.*

FLETCHER.

THE imperfect light which shone into the window enabled Jeanie to see that there was scarcely any chance of making her escape in that direction, for the aperture was high in the wall, and so narrow, that, could she have climbed up to it, she might well doubt whether it would have permitted her to pass her body through it. An unsuccessful attempt to escape would be sure to draw down worse treatment than she now received, and she, therefore, resolved to watch her opportunity carefully ere making such a perilous effort. For this purpose she applied herself to the ruinous clay partition, which divided the hovel in which she now was from the rest

of the waste barn. It was decayed and full of cracks and chinks, one of which she enlarged with her fingers, cautiously and without noise, until she could obtain a plain view of the old, hag and the taller ruffian, whom they called Levitt, seated together beside the decayed fire of charcoal, and apparently engaged in close conference. She was at first terrified by the sight, for the features of the old woman had a hideous cast of hardened and inveterate malice and ill-humour, and those of the man, though naturally less unfavourable, were such as corresponded well with licentious habits, and a lawless profession.

“But I remembered,” said Jeanie, “my worthy father’s tales of a winter evening, how he was confined with the blessed martyr Mr James Renwick, who lifted up the fallen standard of the true reformed Kirk of Scotland, after the worthy and renowned Daniel Cameron, our last blessed bannerman, had fallen among the swords of the wicked at Aird-moss, and how the very hearts of the wicked malefactors and murderers, whom they were confined withal, were melted like wax at the sound of their doctrine: and I bethought mysell, that the same help that was wi’ them in their strait, wad be wi’ me in mine, an’ I could but watch the Lord’s time and

opportunity for delivering my feet from their snare; and I minded the Scripture of the blessed Psalmist, whilk he insisteth on, as weel in the forty-second as in the forty-third Psalm, «Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.» “

Strengthened in a mind naturally calm, sedate, and firm, by the influence of religious confidence, this poor captive was enabled to attend to, and comprehend, a great part of an interesting conversation which passed betwixt those into whose hands she had fallen, notwithstanding that their meaning was partly disguised by the occasional use of cant terms, of which Jeanie knew not the import, by the low tone in which they spoke, and by their mode of supplying their broken phrases by shrugs and signs as is usual amongst those of their disorderly profession.

The man opened the conversation by saying, «Now, dame, you see I am true to my friend. — I have not forgot that you *planked a chury*,* which helped me through the bars of the Castle

* Concealed a knife.

of York, and I came to do your work without asking questions, for one good turn deserves another. But now that Madge, who is as loud as Tom of Lincoln, is somewhat still, and this same Tyburn Neddie is shaking his heels after the old nag, why you must tell me what all this is about, and what's to be done — for d — n me if I touch the girl, or let her be touched, and she with Jim Rat's pass too."

"Thou art an honest lad, Frank," answered the old woman, "but e'en too kind for thy trade; thy tender heart will get thee into trouble. I will see ye gang up Holbourn Hill backward, and a' on the word of some silly loon that could never hae rapped to ye had ye drawn your knife across his weasand."

"You may be baulked there, old one," answered the robber; "I have known many a pretty lad cut short in his first summer upon the road, because he was something hasty with his flats and sharps. Besides, a man would fain live out his two years with a good conscience. So, tell me what all this is about, and what's to be done for you that one can do decently."

Why, you must know, Frank, — but first taste a snap of right Hollands." She drew a flask from her pocket, and filled the fellow a large

bumper, which he pronounced to be the right thing. — «You must know then, Frank — wunna ye mend your hand?» again offering the flask.

«No, no — when a woman wants mischief from you she always begins by filling you drunk. — D — n all Dutch courage. — What I do I will do soberly — I'll last the longer for that too.»

«Well, then, you must know.» resumed the old woman, without any farther attempts at propitiation, «that this girl is going to London.»

Here Jeanie could only distinguish the word sister.

The robber answered in a louder tone, «Fair enough that; and what the devil is your business with it?»

«Business enough, I think. If the b — queers the noose, that silly cull will marry her.»

«And who cares if he does?» said the man.

«Who cares, ye donnard Neddie? *I* care; and I will strangle her with my own hands, rather than she should come to Madge's preferment.»

«Madge's preferment? Does your old blind eyes see no farther than that? If he is as you

say, d'ye think he'll ever marry a moon-calf like Madge? Ecod that's a good one — Marry Madge Wildfire!“

“Hark ye, ye crack-rope padder, born beggar and bred thief! suppose he never marries the wench, is that a reason he should marry another, and that other to hold my daughter's place, and she crazed, and I a beggar, and all along of him? But I know that of him will hang him — I know that of him will hang him, if he had a thousand lives — I know that of him will hang — hang — hang him!“

She grinned as she repeated and dwelt upon the fatal monosyllable, with the emphasis of a vindictive fiend.

“Then why don't you hang — hang — hang him?“ said Frank, repeating her words contemptuously. “There would be more sense in that, than in wreaking yourself here upon two wenches that have done you and your daughter no ill.“

“No ill?“ answered the old woman — “and he to marry this jail-bird, if ever she gets her foot loose!“

“But as there is no chance of his marrying a bird of your brood, I cannot, for my soul, see what you have to do with all this,“ again re-

plied the robber, shrugging his shoulders. "Where there is ought to be got, I'll go as far as my neighbours, but I hate mischief for mischief's sake."

"And would you go nae length for revenge?" said the hag — "for revenge, the sweetest morsel to the mouth that ever was cooked in hell!"

"The devil may keep it for his own eating then," said the robber; "for hang me if I like the sauce he dresses it with."

"Revenge!" continued the old woman; "why it is the best reward the devil gives us for our time here and hereafter. I have wrought hard for it — I have suffered for it, and I have sinned for it — and I will have it, — or there is neither justice in heaven nor in hell!"

Levitt had by this time lighted a pipe, and was listening with great composure to the frantic and vindictive ravings of the old hag. He was too much hardened by his course of life to be shocked with them — too indifferent, and probably too stupid, to catch any part of their animation or energy. "But, mother," he said, after a pause, "still I say, that if revenge is your wish, you should take it on the young fellow himself."

"I wish I could," she said, drawing in her breath, with the eagerness of a thirsty person

while mimicking the action of drinking — “I wish I could — but no — I cannot — I cannot.”

“And why not? — You would think little of peaching and hanging him for this Scotch affair. — Rat me, one might have milled the Bank of England, and less noise about it.”

“I have nursed him at this withered breast,” answered the old woman, folding her hands on her bosom, as if pressing an infant to it, “and though he has proved an adder to me — though he has been the destruction of me and mine — though he has made me company for the devil, if there be a devil, and food for hell, if there be such a place, yet I cannot take his life — No, I cannot,” she continued, with an appearance of rage against herself; “I have thought of it — I have tried it — but, Francis Levitt, I canna gang through wi’t! — Na, na — he was the first bairn I ever nurst — ill I had been — and man can never ken what woman feels for the bairn she has held first to her bosom.”

“To be sure,” said Levitt, “we have no experience; but, mother, they say you ha’nt been so kind to other *bairns* as you call them, that have come in your way. — Nay, d — n me, never lay your hand on the whittle, for I am captain and leader here, and I will have no rebellion.”

The hag, whose first motion had been, upon hearing the question, to grasp the haft of a large knife, now unclosed her hand, stole it away from the weapon, and suffered it to fall by her side, while she proceeded with a sort of smile — «Bairns! ye are joking, lad, wha wad touch bairns? Madge, puir thing, had a misfortune wi' ane — and the t'other» — Here her voice sunk so much, that Jeanie, though anxiously upon the watch, could not catch a word she said, until she raised her tone at the conclusion of the sentence — «so Madge, in her daffin', threw it into the Nor'-Loch, I trow.»

Madge, whose slumbers, like those of most who labour under mental malady, had been short and were easily broken, now made herself heard from her place of repose.

«Indeed, mother, that's a great lie, for I did nae sic thing.»

«Hush, thou hellicat devil,» said her mother — «By Heaven! the other wench will be waking too.»

«That may be dangerous,» said Frank, and he rose and followed Meg Murdockson across the floor.

«Rise,» said the hag to her daughter, «or I sall drive the knife between the planks into the Bedlam-back of thee!»

Apparently she at the same time seconded her threat, by pricking her with the point of a knife, for Madge, with a faint scream, changed her place, and the door opened.

The old woman held a candle in one hand, and a knife in the other. Levitt appeared behind her; whether with a view of preventing, or assisting her in any violence she might meditate, could not be well guessed. Jeanie's presence of mind stood her friend in this dreadful crisis. She had resolution enough to maintain the attitude and manner of one who sleeps profoundly, and to regulate even her breathing, notwithstanding the agitation of instant terror, so as to correspond with her attitude.

The old woman passed the light across her eyes, and although Jeanie's fears were so powerfully awakened by this movement, that she often declared afterwards, that she thought she saw the figures of her destined murderers through her closed eyelids, she had still the resolution to maintain the feint on which her safety, perhaps, depended.

Levitt looked at her with fixed attention; he then turned the old woman out of the place, and followed her himself. Having regained the outer apartment, and seated themselves, Jeanie

heard the highwayman say, to her no small relief, "She's as fast as if she were in Bedfordshire. Now, old Meg, d—n me, if I can understand a glim of this story of yours, or what good it will do you to hang the one wench, and torment the other; but, rat ye, I will be true to my friend and serve ye the way ye like it. I see it will be a bad job; but I do think I could get her down to Surfleet on the Wash, and so on board Tom Moonshine's neat lugger, and keep her out of the way three or four weeks, if that will please ye? — But d—n me if any one shall harm her, unless they have a mind to choke on a brace of blue plums. — It's a cruel bad job, and I wish you and it, Meg, were both at the devil."

"Never mind, hinny Levitt," said the old woman; "you are a ruffler, and will have a' your ain gate — She shanna gang to heaven an hour sooner for me; I carena whether she live or die — it's her sister — ay, her sister!"

"Well, we'll say no more about it, I hear Tom coming in. We'll couch a hogshead,* and so better had you." They retired to repose, ac-

* Lay ourselves down to sleep.

cordingly, and all was silent in this asylum of iniquity.

Jeanie lay for a long time awake. At break of day she heard the two ruffians leave the barn, after whispering with the old woman for some time. The sense that she was now guarded only by persons of her own sex gave her some confidence, and irresistible lassitude at length threw her into slumber.

When the captive awakened, the sun was high in heaven, and the morning considerably advanced. Madge Wildfire was still in the hovel which had served them for the night, and immediately bid her good morning, with her usual air of insane glee. «And d'ye ken, lass,» said Madge «there's queer things chanced since ye hae been in the land of Nod. The constables hae been here, woman, and they met wi' my minnie at the door, and they whirled her awa to the Justice's about the man's wheat. — Dear! thae English churles think as muckle about a blade of wheat or grass, as a Scots laird does about his maukins and his muir-poots. Now, lass, if ye like, we'll play them a fine jink; we will awa' out and take a walk — they will make unco wark when they miss us, but we can easily be back by dinner time, or before dark night at ony

rate, and it will be some frolic and fresh air. — But maybe ye wad like to take some breakfast, and then lie down again; I ken by mysell, there's whiles I can sit wi' my head on my hand the hale day, and havena a word to cast at a dog — and other whiles that I canna sit still a moment. That's when the folk think me warst, but I am aye canny enough — ye needna be feared to walk wi' me."

Had Madge Wildfire been the most raging lunatic, instead of possessing a doubtful, uncertain, and twilight sort of rationality, varying, probably, from the influence of the most trivial causes, Jeanie would hardly have objected to leave a place of captivity where she had so much to apprehend. She eagerly assured Madge that she had no occasion for farther sleep, no desire whatever for eating; and hoping internally that she was not guilty of sin in doing so, she flattered her keeper's crazy humour for walking in the woods.

"It's no a'thegither for that neither," said poor Madge; "but I am judging ye will wun the better out o' thae folk's hands; no that they are a'thegither bad folks neither, but they have queer ways wi' them, and I whiles dinna think it has been ever very weel wi' my mother and me since we kept sic like company."

With the haste, the joy, the fear, and the hope of a liberated captive, Jeanie snatched up her little bundle, followed Madge into the free air, and eagerly looked round her for a human habitation; but none was to be seen. The ground was partly cultivated, and partly left in its natural state, according as the fancy of the slovenly agriculturists had decided. In its natural state it was waste, in some places covered with dwarf trees and bushes, in others swamp, and elsewhere firm and dry downs or pasture grounds.

Jeanie's active mind next led her to conjecture which way the high road lay, whence she had been forced. If she regained that public road, she imagined she must soon meet some person, or arrive at some house, where she might tell her story, and request protection. But after a glance around her, she saw with regret that she had no means whatever of directing her course with any degree of certainty, and that she was still in dependence upon her crazy companion. "Shall we not walk upon the high road?" said she to Madge, in such a tone as a nurse uses to coax a child. "It's brawer walking on the road than amang thae wild bushes and whins."

Madge, who was walking very fast, stopped at this question, and looked at Jeanie with a

sudden and scrutinizing glance that seemed to indicate complete acquaintance with her purpose. «Aha, lass!» she exclaimed, «are ye gaun to guide us that gate? — Ye'll be for making your heels save your head, I am judging.»

Jeanie hesitated for a moment, at hearing her companion thus express herself, whether she had not better take the hint, and try to outstrip and get rid of her. But she knew not in which direction to fly; she was by no means sure that she would prove the swiftest, and perfectly conscious that, in the event of her being pursued and overtaken, she would be inferior to the mad-woman in strength. She therefore gave up thoughts for the present of attempting to escape in that manner, and, saying a few words to allay Madge's suspicions, she followed in anxious apprehension the wayward path by which her guide thought proper to lead her. Madge, in firm of purpose, and easily reconciled to the present scene, whatever it was, began soon to talk with her usual diffuseness of ideas.

«It's a dainty thing to be in the woods on a fine morning like this — I like it far better than the town, for there isna a wheen duddie bairns to be crying after ane, as if ane were a world's wonder, just because ane maybe is a thought

bonnier and better put on than their neighbours — though, Jeanie, ye suld never be proud o' braw claihs, or beauty neither—waes me! they're but a snare. — I anes thought better o' them, and what came o't?"

"Are ye sure ye ken the way ye are taking us?" said Jeanie, who began to imagine that she was getting deeper into the woods, and more remote from the high road.

"Do I ken the road? — Wasna I mony a day living here, and what for shouldna I ken the road? — I might hae forgotten too, for it was afore my accident; but there are some things ane can never forget, let them try it as muckle as they like."

By this time they had gained the deepest part of a patch of woodland. The trees were a little separated from each other, and at the foot of one of them, a beautiful poplar, was a hillock of moss, such as the poet of Grasmere has described in the motto to our chapter. So soon as she arrived at this spot, Madge Wildfire, joining her hands above her head, with a loud scream that resembled laughter, flung herself all at once upon the spot, and remained lying there motionless.

Jeanie's first idea was to take the opportunity of flight; but her desire to escape yielded

for a moment to apprehension for the poor insane being, who, she thought, might perish for want of relief. With an effort, which, in her circumstances, might be termed heroic, she stooped down, spoke in a soothing tone, and endeavoured to raise up the forlorn creature. She effected this with difficulty, and, as she placed her against the tree in a sitting posture, she observed with surprise, that her complexion, usually florid, was now deadly pale, and that her face was bathed in tears. Notwithstanding her own extreme danger, Jeanie was affected by the situation of her companion; and the rather, that through the whole train of her wavering and inconsistent state of mind and line of conduct, she discerned a general colour of kindness towards herself, for which she felt gratitude.

“Let me alane! — let me alane!” said the poor young woman, as her paroxysm of sorrow began to abate — “Let me alane — it does me good to weep. I canna shed tears, but maybe anes or twice a-year, and I aye come to wet this turf with them, that the flowers may grow fair, and the grass may be green.”

“But what is the matter with you?” said Jeanie — “Why do you weep so bitterly?”

“There’s matter enow,” replied the lunatic, — “mair than ae puir mind can bear, I trow.

Stay a bit, and I'll tell you a' about it; for I like ye, Jeanie Deans — a' body spoke weel about ye when we lived in the Pleasaunts — And I mind aye the drink o' milk ye gae me yon day, when I had been on Arthur's Seat for four-and-twenty hours, looking for the ship that somebody was sailing in."

These words recalled to Jeanie's recollection, that, in fact, she had been one morning much frightened by meeting a crazy young woman near her father's house at an early hour, and that as she appeared to be harmless, her apprehension had been changed into pity, and she had relieved the unhappy wanderer with some food, which she devoured with the haste of a famished person. The incident, trifling in itself, was at present of great importance, if it should be found to have made a favourable and permanent impression in her favour on the mind of the object of her charity.

"Yes," said Madge, "I'll tell ye a' about it, for ye are a decent man's daughter — Douce Davie Deans, ye ken — and maybe ye'll can teach me to find out the narrow way, and the strait path, for I have been burning bricks in Egypt, and walking through the weary wilderness of Sinai, for lang and mony a day. But whenever

I think about mine errors, I am like to cover my lip for shame." — Here she looked up and smiled — "It's a strange thing now — I hae spoke mair gude words to you in ten minutes, than I wad speak to my mother in as mony years — it's no that I dinna think on them — and whiles they are just at my tongue's end, but then comes the Devil, and brushes my lips with his black wing, and lays his broad black loof on my mouth — for a black loof it is, Jeanie — and sweeps away a' my gude thoughts, and dits up my gude words, and pits a wheen fule sangs and idle vanities in their place."

"Try, Madge," said Jeanie, — "try to settle your mind and make your breast clean, and you'll find your heart easier — Just resist the devil, and he will flee from you — and mind that, as my worthy father tells me, there is nae devil sae deceitfu' as our ain wandering thoughts."

"And that's true too, lass," said Madge, starting up, "and I'll gang a gate where the devil daurna follow me, and it's a gate that you will like dearly to gang — but I'll keep a fast haud o' your arm, for fear Appollyon should stride across the path, as he did in the Pilgrim's Progress."

Accordingly she got up, and, taking Jeanie by the arm, began to walk forward at a great

pace; and soon, to her companion's no small joy, came into a marked path, with the meanders of which she seemed perfectly acquainted. Jeanie endeavoured to bring her back to the confessional, but the fancy was gone by. In fact, the mind of this deranged being resembled nothing so much as a quantity of dry leaves, which may for a few minutes remain still, but are instantly discomposed and put in motion by the first casual breath of air. She had now got John Bunyan's parable into her head, to the exclusion of every thing else, and on she went with great volubility.

“Did ye never read the Pilgrim's Progress? And you shall be the woman Christiana, and I will be the maiden Mercy, for ye ken Mercy was of the fairer countenance, and the more alluring than her companion — and if I had my little messan dog here, it would be Great Heart their guide, ye ken, for he was e'en as bauld, that he wad bark at ony thing twenty times his size; and that was e'en the death of him, for he bit Corporal MacAlpine's heels ae morning when they were hauling me to the guard-house, and Corporal MacAlpine killed the bit faithfu' thing wi' his Lochaber axe — de'il pike the Highland banes o' him!”

“O fie, Madge,” said Jeanie, „ye should not speak such words.”

“It’s very true,” said Madge, shaking her head; “but then I maunna think on my puir bit doggie Snap, when I saw it lying dying in the gutter. But it’s just as weel, for it suffered baith cauld and hunger when it was living, and in the grave there is rest for a’ things — rest for the doggie, and my puir bairn, and me.”

“Your bairn?” said Jeanie conceiving that by speaking on such a topic, supposing it to be a real one, she could not fail to bring her companion to a more composed temper.

She was mistaken, however, for Madge coloured, and replied with some anger, “*My* bairn? ay, to be sure, my bairn. Whatfor shouldna I hae a bairn, and lose a bairn too, as weel as your bonnie tittie, the Lily of St Leonard’s?”

The answer struck Jeanie with some alarm, and she was anxious to sooth the irritation she had unwittingly given occasion to. “I am very sorry for your misfortune — ”

“Sorry? what wad ye be sorry for?” answered Madge. “The bairn was a blessing — that is, Jeanie, it wad hae been a blessing if it hadna been for my mother; but my mother’s a queer woman. — Ye see, there was an auld carle wi’ a bit land, and a gude clat o’ siller besides, just

the very picture of old Mr Feeblemind or Mr Ready-to-halt, that Great Heart delivered from Slaygood the giant, when he was rifling him, and about to pick his bones, for Slaygood was of the nature of the flesheaters — and Great Heart killed Giant Despair too — but I am doubting Giant Despair's come alive again, for a' the story book — I find him busy at my heart whiles."

"Weel, and so the auld carle," said Jeanie, for she was painfully interested in getting to the truth of Madge's history, which she could not but suspect was in some extraordinary way linked and entwined with the fate of her sister. She was also desirous, if possible, to engage her companion in some narrative which might be carried on in a lower tone of voice, for she was in great apprehension lest the elevated notes of Madge's conversation should direct her mother or the robbers in search of them.

"And so the auld carle," said Madge, repeating her words — "I wish ye had seen him stoiting about, aff ae leg on to the other, wi' a kind o' dot-and-go-one sort o' motion, as if ilk ane o' his twa legs had belanged to sindry folk — But Gentle George could take him aff brawly — Eh as I used to laugh to see George gang hip-hop like him. — I dinna ken, I think I laughed heartier then that what I do now, though maybe no just sae muckle."

“And who was Gentle George?” said Jeanie, endeavouring to bring her back to her story.

“O, he was Geordie Robertson, ye ken, when he was in Edinburgh; but that’s no his right name neither—His name is — But what is your business wi’ his name?” said she, as if upon sudden recollection. “What have ye to do asking for folk’s names? — Have ye a mind I should scour my knife between your ribs, as my mother says?”

As this was spoken with a menacing tone and gesture, Jeanie hastened to protest her total innocence of purpose in the accidental question which she had asked, and Madge Wildfire went on somewhat pacified.

“Never ask folk’s names, Jeanie — it’s no civil — I hae seen half a dozen o’ folk in my mother’s at anes, and ne’er ane o’ them ca’d the ither by his name and Daddie Ratton says, it is the most uncivil thing may be, because the baillie bodies are aye asking fashious questions, when ye saw sic a man, or sic a man and if ye dinna ken their names, ye ken there can be nae mair speer’d about it.”

In what strange school, thought Jeanie to herself, has this poor creature been bred up,

where such remote precautions are taken against the pursuits of justice? What would my father or Reuben Butler think, if I were to tell them there are sic folk in the world? And to abuse the simplicity of this demented creature! O, that I were but safe at hame amang mine ain leal and true people! and I'll bless God, while I have breath, that placed me amongst those who live in his fear, and under the shadow of his wing.

She was interrupted by the insane laugh of Madge Wildfire, as she saw a magpie hop across the path.

“See there — that was the gate my auld joe used to cross the country, but no just sae lightly — he hadna wings to help his auld legs, I trow; but I behoved to have married him for a' that Jeanie, or my mother wad hae been the dead of me. But then came in the story of my poor bairn, and my mother thought he wad be deaved wi' its skirling, and she pat it away in below the bit bourock of turf yonder, just to be out o' the gate; and I think she buried my best wits with it, for I have never been just mysell yet. And only think, Jeanie, after my mother had been at a' this pains, the auld doited body Johnny Drottle turned up his nose, and wadna hae aught to say to me! But it's little I care for him, for I have led a merry life ever since, and

ne'er a braw gentleman looks at me but ye wad think he was gaun to drop off his horse for mere love of me. I have kenn'd some o' them put their hand in their pocket, and gie me as muckle as sixpence at a time, just for my well-faur'd face."

This speech gave Jeanie a dark insight into Madge's history. She had been courted by a wealthy suitor, whose addresses her mother had favoured, notwithstanding the objection of old age and deformity. She had been seduced by some profligate, and, to conceal her shame and promote the advantageous match she had planned, her mother had not hesitated to destroy the offspring of their intrigue. That the consequence should be the total derangement of a mind which was constitutionally unsettled by giddiness and vanity, was extremely natural, and such was, in fact, the history of Madge Wildfire's insanity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

*So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court — right glad they were;*

CHRISTABEL.

PURSUING the path which Madge had chosen, Jeanie Deans observed, to her no small delight, that marks of more cultivation appeared, and the thatched roofs of houses, with their blue smoke arising in little columns, were seen embosomed in a tuft of trees at some distance. The track led in that direction, and Jeanie, therefore, resolved, while Madge continued to pursue it, that she would ask her no questions; having had the penetration to observe, that by doing so she ran the risk of irritating her guide, or awakening suspicions, to the impressions of which,

persons in Madge's unsettled state of mind are particularly liable.

Madge, therefore, uninterrupted, went on with the wild disjointed chat which her rambling imagination suggested; a mood in which she was much more communicative respecting her own history, and that of others, than when there was any attempt made, by direct queries, or cross-examinations, to extract information on these subjects.

“It's a queer thing,” she said, “but whiles I can speak about the bit bairn and the rest of it, just as if it had been another body's, and no my ain; and whiles I am like to break my heart about it — Had you ever a bairn, Jeanie?”

Jeanie replied in the negative.

“Ay; but your sister had though — aud I ken what came o't too.”

“In the name of heavenly mercy,” said Jeanie, forgetting the line of conduct which she had hitherto adopted, “tell me but what became of that unfortunate babe, and” — —

Madge stopped, looked at her gravely, and fixedly, and then broke into a great fit of laughing — “Aha, lass, — catch me if ye can — I think it's easy to gar you trow ony thing — How suld I ken ony thing o' your sister's wean?”

Lasses suld hae naething to do wi' weans till they are married — and then a' the gossips and cummers come in and feast as if it were the blithest day in the warld. — They say maiden's bairns are weel guided. I wot that wasna true of your tittie's and mine; but these are sad tales to tell — I maun just sing a bit to keep up my heart — It's a sang that Gentle George made on me lang syne, when I went with him to Lockington wake, to see him act upon a stage, in fine clothes, with the player folks. He might have dune waur than married me that night as he promised — better wed over the mixen* as over the moor, as they say in Yorkshire — he may gang farther and fare waur — But that's a' ane to the sang, — —

,I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of
the town,

And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to
own —

The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

* A homely proverb, signifying, better wed a neighbour than one fetched from a distance. — Mixen signifies dunghill.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of
May

And I lead the blithe ring round the May-
pole to-day:

The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright, or so bonnie as me.'

"I like that the best o' a' my sangs," continued the maniac, "because he made it. I am often singing it, and that's maybe the reason folks ca' me Madge Wildfire. I aye answer to the name, though it's no my ain, for what's the use of making a fash?"

"But ye shouldna sing upon the Sabbath at least," said Jeanie, who, amid all her distress and anxiety, could not help being scandalized at the deportment of her companion, especially as they now approached near to the little village or hamlet.

"Ay! is this Sunday?" said Madge. "My mother leads sic a life, wi' turning night into day, that ane loses a' count o' the days o' the week, and disna ken Sunday frae Saturday. Besides, it's a' your whiggery — in England, folks sing when they like — And then, ye ken, you are Christiana, and I am Mercy — and ye ken, as they went on their way they sang." — And

she immediately raised one of John Bunyans ditties : —

“He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Fulness to such a burthen is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

“And do ye ken, Jeanie, I think there’s much truth in that book the Pilgrim’s Progress. The boy that sings that song was feeding his father’s sheep in the valley of humiliation, and Mr Great-heart says, that he lived a merrier life, and had more of the herb called heart’s-ease in his bosom, than they that wear silk and velvet like me, and are as bonny as I am.”

Jeanie Deans had never read the fanciful and delightful parable to which Madge alluded. Bunyan was, indeed, a rigid Calvinist, but then he was also a member of a Baptist congregation, so that his works had no place on David Deans’s shelf of divinity. Madge, however, at some time of her life, had been well acquainted, as it appeared, with the most popular of his perform-

ances, which, indeed, rarely fails to make a deep impression upon children and people of the lower rank.

“I am sure,” she continued, “I may weel say I am come out of the city of Destruction, for my mother is Mrs Bat’s-eyes, that dwells at Deadman’s corner; and Frank Levitt, and Tyburn Tam, they may be likened to Mistrust and Guilt, that came gallopping up and struck the poor pilgrim to the ground with a great club, and stole a bag of silver, which was most of his spending money, and so have they done to many, and will do to more. But now we will gang to the Interpreter’s house, for I ken a man that will play the Interpreter right weel; for he has eyes lifted up to Heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written on his lips, and he stands as if he pleaded wi’ men — O if I had minded what he had said to me, I had never been the cast-away creature that I am! — But it is all over now. — But we’ll knock at the gate, and then the keeper will admit Christiana, but Mercy will be left out — and then I’ll stand at the door trembling and crying, and then Christiana — that’s you, Jeanie, — will intercede for me, and then Mercy, — that’s me, ye ken, — will faint; and then the Interpreter — yes, the Interpreter, that’s Mr Staunton himself, will

come out and take me — that's poor, lost, demented me — by the hand, and give me a pomegranate, and a piece of honeycomb, and a small bottle of spirits, to stay my fainting — and then the good times will come back again, and we'll be the happiest folk you ever saw."

In the midst of the confused assemblage of ideas indicated in this speech, Jeanie thought she saw a serious purpose on the part of Madge, to endeavour to obtain the pardon and countenance of some one whom she had offended; an attempt the most likely of all others to bring them once more into contact with law and legal protection. She, therefore, resolved to be guided by her while she was in so hopeful a disposition, and act for her own safety according to circumstances.

They were now close by the village, one of those beautiful scenes which are so often found in merry England, where the cottages, instead of being built in two direct lines on each side of a dusty high-road, stand in detached groupings, interspersed not only with large oaks and elms, but with fruit-trees, so many of which were at this time in flourish, that the grove seemed enamelled with their crimson and white blossoms. In the centre of the hamlet stood the parish

church and its little Gothic tower, from which at present was heard the Sunday chime of bells.

“We will wait here until the folks are a’ in the church — they ca’ the kirk a church in England, Jeanie, be sure you mind that — for if I was gaun forward amang them, a’ the gaitts o’ boys and lasses wad be crying at Madge Wild-fire’s tail, the little hell-rakers, and the beadle would be as hard upon us as if it was our fault. I like their skirling as ill as he does, I can tell him; I’m sure I often wish there was a het peat down their throats when they set them up that gate.”

Conscious of the disorderly appearance of her own dress after the adventure of the preceding night, and of the grotesque habit and demeanour of her guide, and sensible how important it was to secure an attentive and patient audience to her strange story from some one who might have the means to protect her, Jeanie readily acquiesced in Madge’s proposal to rest under the trees, by which they were still somewhat screened, until the commencement of service should give them an opportunity of entering the hamlet without attracting a crowd around them. She made the less opposition, as Madge had intimated that this was not the village where her

mother was in custody, and that the two squires of the pad were absent in a different direction.

She sate herself down, therefore, at the foot of an oak, and by the assistance of a placid fountain which had been dammed up for the use of the villagers, and which served her as a natural mirror, she began — no uncommon thing with a Scottish maiden of her rank, — to arrange her toilette in the open air, and bring her dress, soiled and disordered at it was, into such order as the place and circumstances admitted.

She soon perceived reason, however, to regret that she had set about this task, however decent and necessary, in the present time and society. Madge Wildfire, who, among other indications of insanity, had a most over-weening opinion of those charms, to which, in fact, she had owed her misery, and whose mind, like a raft upon a lake, was agitated and driven about at random by each fresh impulse, no sooner beheld Jeanie begin to arrange her hair, place her bonnet in order, rub the dust from her shoes and clothes, adjust her neck-hand-kerchief and mittans, and so forth, than with imitative zeal she began to bedizen and trick herself out with shreds and remnants of beggarly finery, which she took out of a little bundle, and which, when disposed around her person, made her appearance

ten times more fantastic and apish than it had been before.

Jeanie groaned in spirit, but dared not interfere in a matter so delicate. Across the man's cap or riding hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken and soiled white feather, intersected with one which had been shed from the train of a peacock. To her dress, which was a kind of riding-habit, she stitched, pinned, and otherwise secured, a large furbelow of artificial flowers, all crushed, wrinkled, and dirty, which had first bedecked a lady of quality, then descended to her Abigail, and dazzled the inmates of the servants'-hall. A tawdry scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel and spangles, which had seen as hard service, and boasted as honourable a transmission, was next flung over one shoulder, and fell across her person in the manner of a shoulder-belt or baldrick. Madge then stripped off the coarse ordinary shoes which she wore, and replaced them by a pair of dirty satin ones, spangled and embroidered to match the scarf, and furnished with very high heels. She had cut awillow switch in her morning's walk, almost as long as a boy's fishing-rod. This she set herself seriously to peel, and when it was transformed into such a wand as the Treasurer or High Steward bears on public occasions, she told

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Jeanie that she thought they now looked decent, as young women should do, upon the Sunday morning, and that as the bells had done ringing, she was willing to conduct her to the Interpreter's house.

Jeanie sighed heavily, to think it should be her lot on the Lord's day, and during kirk-time too, to parade the street of an inhabited village with so very grotesque a comrade; but necessity had no law, since, without a positive quarrel with the mad-woman, which, in the circumstances, would have been very unadvisable, she could see no means of shaking herself free of her society.

As for poor Madge, she was completely elated with personal vanity, and the most perfect satisfaction concerning her own dazzling dress, and superior appearance. They entered the hamlet without being observed, except by one old woman, who, being nearly "high-gravel blind," was only conscious that something very fine and glittering was passing by, and dropped as deep a reverence to Madge as she would have done to a countess. This filled up the measure of Madge's self approbation. She minced, she ambled, she smiled, she simpered, and waved Jeanie Deans forward with the condescension of a noble *chaperone*, who has undertaken the charge

of a country miss on her first journey to the capital.

Jeanie followed in patience, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, that she might save herself the mortification of seeing her companion's absurdities; but she started when, ascending two or three steps, she found herself in the church-yard, and saw that Madge was making straight for the door of the church. As Jeanie had no mind to enter the congregation in such company, she walked aside from the path-way, and said in a decided tone, "Madge, I will wait here till the church comes out — you may go in by yourself if you have a mind."

As she spoke these words, she was about to seat herself upon one of the gravestones.

Madge was a little before Jeanie when she turned aside; but suddenly changing her course, she followed her with long strides, and, with every feature inflamed with passion, overtook and seized her by the arm. "Do ye think, ye ungratefu' wretch, that I am gaun to let you sit doun upon my father's grave? The de'il settle ye doun, if ye dinna rise and come into the Interpreter's house, that's the house of God, wi' me, but I'll rive every dud aff your back!"

She adapted the action to the phrase; for with one clutch she stripped Jeanie of her straw bonnet and a handful of her hair to boot, and threw it up into an old yew tree, where it stuck fast. Jeanie's first impulse was to scream, but conceiving she might receive deadly harm before she could obtain the assistance of any one, notwithstanding the vicinity of the church, she thought it wiser to follow the mad woman into the congregation, where she might find some means of escape from her, or at least be secured against her violence. But when she meekly intimated her consent to follow Madge, her guide's uncertain brain had caught another train of ideas. She held Jeanie fast with one hand, and with the other pointed to the inscription on the gravestone, and commanded her to read it. Jeanie obeyed, and read these words:

“THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DONALD MURDOCKSON OF THE KING'S XXVI, OR CAMERONIAN REGIMENT, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN, A BRAVE SOLDIER, AND A FAITHFUL SERVANT, BY HIS GRATEFUL AND SORROWING MASTER, ROBERT STAUNTON.”

“It's very weel read, Jeanie; it's just the very words,” said Madge, whose ire had now faded into deep melancholy, and with a step,

which, to Jeanie's great joy, was uncommonly quiet and mournful, she led her companion towards the door of the church.

It was one of those old-fashioned Gothic parish churches which are frequent in England, the most cleanly, decent, and reverential places of worship that are, perhaps, any where to be found in the Christian world. Yet, notwithstanding the decent solemnity of its exterior, Jeanie was too faithful to the directory of the presbyterian kirk to have entered a prelatic place of worship, and would, upon any other occasion, have thought that she beheld in the porch the venerable figure of her father waving her back from the entrance, and pronouncing in a solemn tone, "Cease, my child, to hear the instruction which causeth to err from the words of knowledge." But in her present agitating and alarming situation, she looked for safety to this forbidden place of assembly, as the hunted animal will sometimes seek shelter from imminent danger in the human habitation, or in other places of refuge most alien to its nature and habits. Not even the sound of the organ, and of one or two flutes which accompanied the psalmody, prevented her from following her guide into the chancel of the church.

No sooner had Madge put her foot upon the pavement, and become sensible that she was the object of attention to the spectators, than she resumed all the fantastic extravagance of deportment which some transient touch of melancholy had banished for an instant. She swam rather than walked up the centre aisle, dragging Jeanie after her, whom she held fast by the hand. She would, indeed, have fain slipped aside into the pew nearest to the door, and left Madge to ascend in her own manner and alone to the high places of the synagogue; but this was impossible, without a degree of violent resistance, which seemed to her inconsistent with the time and place, and she was accordingly led in captivity up the whole length of the church by her grotesque conductress, who, with half-shut eyes, a prim smile upon her lips, and a mincing motion with her hands, which corresponded with the delicate and affected pace at which she was pleased to move, seemed to take the general stare of the congregation, which such an exhibition necessarily excited, as a high compliment, and which she returned by nods and half curtsies to individuals amongst the audience, whom she seemed to distinguish as acquaintances. Her absurdity was enhanced in the eyes of the spectators by the strange contrast which she

formed to her companion, who, with dishevelled hair, downcast eyes, and a face glowing with shame, was dragged as it were in triumph after her.

Madge's airs were at length fortunately cut short by her encountering in her progress the looks of the clergyman, who fixed upon her a glance at once steady, compassionate, and admonitory. She hastily opened an empty pew which happened to be near her, and entered, dragging in Jeanie after her. Kicking Jeanie on the shins, by way of hint that she should follow her example, she sunk her head upon her hand for the space of a minute. Jeanie, to whom this posture of mental devotion was entirely new, did not attempt to do the like, but looked round her with a bewildered stare, which her neighbours, judging from the company in which they saw her, very naturally ascribed to insanity. Every person in their immediate vicinity drew back from this extraordinary couple as far as the limits of their pew permitted, but one old man could not get beyond Madge's reach, ere she had snatched the prayer-book from his hand, and ascertained the lesson of the day. She then turned up the ritual, and, with the most overstrained enthusiasm of gesture and manner,

showed Jeanie the passages as they were read in the service, making, at the same time, her own responses so loud as to be heard above those of every other person.

Notwithstanding the shame and vexation which Jeanie felt in being thus exposed in a place of worship, she could not and durst not omit rallying her spirits so as to look around her, and consider to whom she ought to appeal for protection so soon as the service should be concluded. Her first ideas naturally fixed upon the clergyman, and she was confirmed in the resolution by observing that he was an aged gentleman, of a dignified appearance and deportment, who read the service with an undisturbed and decent gravity, which brought back to becoming attention those younger members of the congregation who had been disturbed by the extravagant behaviour of Madge Wildfire. To the clergyman, therefore, Jeanie resolved to make her appeal when the service was over.

It is true she felt disposed to be shocked at his surplice, of which she had heard so much, but which she had never witnessed upon the person of a preacher of the word. Then she was confused by the change of posture adopted

in different parts of the ritual, the more so as Madge Wildfire, to whom they seemed familiar, took the opportunity to exercise authority over her, pulling her up and pushing her down with a bustling assiduity, which Jeanie felt must make them both the objects of painful attention. But notwithstanding these prejudices, it was her sensible resolution, in this dilemma, to imitate as nearly as she could what was done around her. The prophet, she thought, permitted Naaman the Syrian to bow even in the house of Rimmon. — Surely if I, in this streight, worship the God of my fathers in mine own language, although the manner thereof be strange to me, the Lord will pardon me in this thing.

In this resolution she became so much confirmed, that, withdrawing herself from Madge as far as the pew permitted, she endeavoured to evince, by serious and composed attention to what was passing, that her mind was composed to devotion. Her tormentor would not long have permitted her to remain quiet, but fatigue overpowered her, and she fell asleep in the other corner of the pew.

Jeanie, though her mind in her own despite sometimes reverted to her situation, compelled

herself to give attention to a sensible, energetic, and well-composed discourse, upon the practical doctrines of Christianity, which she could not help approving, although it was every word written down and read by the preacher, and although it was delivered in a tone and gesture very different from those of Boanerges Storm-heaven, who was her father's favourite preacher. The serious and placid attention with which Jeanie listened did not escape the clergyman. Madge Wildfire's entrance had rendered him apprehensive of some disturbance, to provide against which, as far as possible, he often turned his eyes to the part of the church where Jeanie and she were placed, and became soon aware that, notwithstanding the loss of her headgear, and the awkwardness of her situation, had given an uncommon and wild appearance to the features of the former, yet she was in a state of mind very different from that of her companion. When he dismissed the congregation, he observed her look around with a wild and terrified look, as if uncertain what course she ought to adopt, and noticed that she approached one or two of the most decent of the congregation, as if to address them, and then shrunk back timidly, on observing that they seemed to shun and to avoid her. The clergy-

man was satisfied there must be something extraordinary in all this, and as a benevolent man, as well as a good Christian pastor, he resolved to enquire into the matter more minutely.

CHAPTER XXXII.

— — *There govern'd in that year
A stern, stout churl — an angry overseer.*

CRABBE.

WHILE Mr Staunton, for such was this worthy clergyman's name, was laying aside his gown in the vestry, Jeanie was in the act of coming to an open rupture with Madge.

“We must return to Mummer's barn directly,” said Madge; “we'll be ower late, and my mother will be angry.”

“I am not going back with you, Madge,” said Jeanie, taking out a guinea, and offering it to her; “I am much obliged to you, but I maun gang my ain road.”

“And me coming a’ this way out o’ my gate to pleasure you, ye ungratefu’ cutty,” answered Madge; “and me to be brained by my mother when I gang hame, and a’ for your sake — but I will gar ye as good.” —

“For God’s sake!” said Jeanie to a man who stood beside them, “keep her off — she is mad.”

“Ey — ey,” answered the boor; I hae some guess of that, and I trow thou be’st a bird of the same feather, Howsomever, Madge, I redd thee keep hand off her, or I’se lend thee a whisterpoop.”

Several of the lower class of the parishioners now gathered round the strangers, and the cry arose among the boys, that “there was a-going to be a fite between mad Madge Murdockson and another Bess of Bedlam.” But while the fry assembled with the humane hope of seeing as much of the fun as possible, the laced cocked-hat of the beadle was discerned among the multitude, and all made way for that person of awful authority. His first address was to Madge.

“What’s brought thee back again, thou silly donnot, to plague this parish? Hast thou brought ony more bastards wi’ thee to lay to honest men’s doors? or does thou think to burden us

with this goose, that's as gare-brained as thysel, as if rates were no up enow? Away wi' thee to thy thief of a mother; she's fast in the stocks at Barkston town-end — Away wi' ye out o' the parish, or I'se be at ye with the rattan."

Madge stood sulky for a minute; but she had been too often taught submission to the beadle's authority by ungentle means, to feel courage enough to dispute it.

"And my mother — my puir auld mother, is in the stocks at Barkston! — This is a' your wyte, Miss Jeanie Deans; but I'll be upsides wi' you, as sure as my names Madge Wildfire — I mean Murdockson — God help me, I forget my very name in this confused waste."

So saying, she turned upon her heel, and went off, followed by all the mischievous imps of the village, some crying, "Madge, canst thou tell thy name yet?" some pulling the skirts of her dress, and all, to the best of their strength and ingenuity, exercising some new device or other to exasperate her into frenzy.

Jeanie saw her departure with infinite delight, though she wished, that, in some way or other, she could have requited the service Madge had conferred upon her.

In the meantime, she applied to the beadle to know, whether «there was any house in the village where she could be civilly entertained for her money, and whether she could be permitted to speak to the clergyman?»

«Ay, ay, we'se ha' reverend care on thee; and I think," answered the man of constituted authority, «that, unless thou answer the rector all the better, we'se spare thy money, and gie the lodging at the parish charge, young woman.»

«Where am I to go then?» said Jeanie, in some alarm.

«Why, I am to take thee to his Reverence, in the first place, to gie an account o' thyself. and to see thou come na to be a burthen upon the parish.»

«I do not wish to burthen any one," replied Jeanie; «I have enough for my own wants, and only wish to get on my journey safely.»

«Why that's another matter," replied the beadle; «an' if it be true — and I think thou doest not look so polrumpious as thy play-fellow yonder — thou wouldst be a mettle lass enow, an thou wert snog and snod a bit better. Come thou away then — the Rector is a good man,»

“Is that the minister,” said Jeanie, “who preached” — —

“The minister? Lord help thee! What kind o’ presbyterian art thou? — Why, ’tis the Rector — the Rector’s sell, woman, and there isna the like o’ him in the county, nor the four next to it. Come away — away with thee — we munna bide here.”

“I am sure I am very willing to go to see the minister,” said Jeanie; “for, though he read his discourse, and wore that surplice, as they call it here, I canna but think he must be a very worthy Godfearing man, to preach the root of the matter in the way he did.”

The disappointed rabble, finding that there was like to be no sport, had by this time dispersed, and Jeanie, with her usual patience, followed her consequential and surly, but not brutal, conductor towards the rectory.

This clerical mansion was large and commodious, for the living was an excellent one, and the advowson belonged to a very wealthy family in the neighbourhood, who had usually bred up a son or nephew to the church, for the sake of inducting him, as opportunity offered, into this very comfortable provision. In this manner the rectory of Willingham had always been consi-

dered as a direct and immediate appanage of Willingham-hall; and as the rich baronets to whom the latter belonged had usually a son, or brother, or nephew, settled in the living, the utmost care had been taken to render their habitation not merely respectable and commodious, but even dignified and imposing.

It was situated about four hundred yards from the village, and on a rising ground which sloped gently upward, covered with small enclosures, or closes, laid out irregularly, so that the old oaks and elms, which were planted in hedge-rows, fell into perspective, and were blended together in beautiful irregularity. When they approached nearer to the house, a handsome gate-way admitted them into a lawn, of narrow dimensions indeed, but which was interspersed with large sweet chesnut-trees and beeches, and kept in handsome order. The front of the house was irregular. Part of it seemed very old, and had, in fact, been the residence of the incumbent in Romish times. Successive occupants had made considerable additions and improvements, each in the taste of his own age, and without much regard to symmetry. But these incongruities of architecture were so graduated and happily mingled, that the eye, far from being displeased with the combinations of

various styles, saw nothing but what was interesting in the varied and intricate pile which they displayed. Fruit-trees displayed on the southern wall, outer stair-cases, various places of entrance, a combination of roofs and chimneys of different ages, united to render the front, not indeed beautiful or grand, but intricate, perplexed, or, to use Mr Price's appropriate phrase, picturesque. The most considerable addition was that of the present Rector, who "being a bookish man," as the beadle was at the pains to inform Jeanie, to augment, perhaps, her reverence for the person before whom she was to appear, had built a handsome library and parlour, and no less than two additional bed-rooms.

"Mony men would hae scrupled such expence," continued the parochial officer, "seeing as the living mun go as it pleases Sir Edmund to will it; but his Reverence has a canny bit land of his own, and need not look on two sides of a penny."

Jeanie could not help comparing the irregular yet extensive and commodious pile of building before us, to the "Manses," in her own country, where a set of penurious heritors, professing all the while the devotion of their lives and fortunes to the presbyterian establishment,

strain their inventions to discover what may be nipped, and clipped, and pared from a building which forms but a poor accommodation even for the present incumbent, and, despite the superior advantage of stone masonry, must, in the course of forty or fifty years, again burthen their descendants with an expence, which, once liberally and handsomely employed, ought to have freed their estates from a recurrence of it for more than a century at least.

Behind the Rector's house the ground sloped down to a small river, which, without possessing the romantic vivacity and rapidity of a northern stream, was, nevertheless, by its occasional appearance through the ranges of willows and poplars that crowned its banks, a very pleasing accompaniment to the landscape. "It was the best trouting stream," said the beadle, whom the patience of Jeanie, and especially the assurance that she was not about to become a burthen to the parish, had rendered rather communicative, "the best trouting stream in all Lincolnshire, for when you got lower, there was nought to be done wi' fly-fishing."

Turning aside from the principal entrance, he conducted Jeanie towards a sort of portal connected with the older part of the building, which

was chiefly occupied by servants, and knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant in grave purple livery, such as befitted a wealthy and dignified clergyman.

«How dost do, Tummas?» said the beadle —
«and how's young Measter Staunton?»

«Why, but poorly — but poorly, Measter Stubbs. — Are you wanting to see his Reverence.»

«Ay, ay, Tummas; please to say I ha' brought up the young woman as came to service to-day with mad Madge Murdockson — she seems to be a decentish koind o' body; but I ha' asked her never a question. Only I can tell his Reverence that she is a Scotchwoman, I judge, and as flat as the fens of Holland.»

Tummas honoured Jeanie Deans with such a stare, as the pampered domestics of the rich, whether spiritual or temporal, usually esteem it part of their privilege to bestow upon the poor, and then desired Mr Stubbs and his charge to step in till he informed his master of their presence.

The room into which he showed them was a sort of steward's parlour, hung with a county map or two, and three or four prints of eminent persons connected with the county, as Sir Wil-

liam Monson, James York the blacksmith of Lincoln, and the famous Peregrine, Lord Willoughby, in complete armour, looking as when he said, in the words of the legend below the engraving, —

“Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And face ye well about;
And shoot ye sharp, bold bowmen,
And we will keep them out.
Ye musquet and calliver-men,
Do you prove true to me,
I’ll be the foremost man in fight,
Said brave Lord Willoughbee.”

When they had entered this apartment, Tummas as a matter of course offered, and as a matter of course Mr Stubbs accepted, a “summat” to eat and drink, being the respectable reliques of a gammon of bacon, and a *whole whislin*, or black pot of sufficient double ale. To these eatables Mr Beadle seriously inclined himself, and (for we must do him justice) not without an invitation to Jeanie, in which Tummas joined, that his prisoner or charge would follow his good example. But although she might have stood in need of refreshment, considering she had tasted no food that day, the anxiety of the moment, her own sparing and abstemious habits, and a

bashful aversion to eat in company of the two strangers, induced her to decline their courtesy. So she sate in a chair apart, while Mr Stubbs and Mr Tummas, who had chosen to join his friend in consideration that dinner was to be put back till after the afternoon service, made a hearty luncheon, which lasted for half an hour, and might not then have concluded, had not his Reverence rung his bell, so that Tummas was obliged to attend his master. Then, and no sooner, to save himself the labour of a second journey to the other end of the house, he announced to his master the arrival of Mr Stubbs, with the other mad woman, as he chose to designate Jeanie, as an event which had just taken place. He returned with an order that Mr Stubbs and the young woman should be instantly ushered up to the library.

The beadle bolted in haste his last mouthful of fat bacon, washed down the greasy morsel with the last rinsings of the pot of ale, and immediately marshalled Jeanie through one or two intricate passages which led from the ancient to the more modern buildings, into a handsome little hall, or anti-room, adjoining the library, and out of which a glass door opened to the lawn.

“Stay here,” said Stubbs, “till I tell his Reverence you are come.”

So saying, he opened a door and entered the library.

Without wishing to hear their conversation, Jeanie, as she was circumstanced, could not avoid it; for as Stubbs stood by the door, and his Reverence was at the upper end of a large room, their conversation was necessarily audible in the anteroom.

“So you have brought the young woman here at last, Mr Stubbs. I expected you some time since. You know I do not wish such persons to remain in custody a moment without some enquiry into their situation.”

“Very true, your Reverence,” replied the beadle; “but the young woman had eat nought to-day, and soa Measter Tummas did set down a drap of drink and a morsel, to be sure.”

“Mr Thomas was very right, Mr Stubbs; and what has become of the other most unfortunate being?”

“Why,” replied Mr Stubbs, “I did think the sight on her would but vex your Reverence, and soa I did let her go her ways back to her muther, who is in trouble in the next parish.”

«In trouble! — that signifies in prison, I suppose?» said Mr Staunton.

«Ay, truly; something like it, an' it like your Reverence.»

«Wretched, unhappy, incorrigible woman!» said the clergyman. «And what sort of person is this companion of her's?»

«Why, decent enow, an' it like your Reverence,» said Stubbs; «for aught I sees of her, there's no harm of her, and she says she has cash enow to carry her out of the county.»

«Cash? that is always what you think of, has she her wits? — has she the capacity of taking care of herself?»

«Why, your Reverence,» replied Stubbs, «I cannot just say — I will be sworn she was not born at Witt-ham; * for Gaffer Gibbs looked at her all the time of service, and he says she could not turn up a single lesson like a Christian, even though she had Madge Murdockson to help her — but then, as to fending for hersell, why, she's a bit of a Scotchwoman, your Reverence, and they say the worst donnot of them can look out

* A proverbial and punning expression in that county, to express that a person is not very witty.

for their own turn — and she is decently put on enow, and not bechounded like t'other."

"Send her in here then, and do you remain below, Mr Stubbs."

This colloquy had engaged Jeanie's attention so deeply, that it was not until it was over that she observed that the sashed door, which, we have said, led from the anti-room into the garden, was opened, and that there entered, or rather was borne in by two assistants, a young man, of a very pale and sickly appearance, whom they lifted to the nearest couch, and placed there, as if to recover from the fatigue of an unusual exertion. Just as they were making this arrangement, Stubbs came out of the library, and summoned Jeanie to enter it. She obeyed him not without tremor, for besides the novelty of the situation to a girl of her secluded habits, she felt also as if the successful prosecution of her journey was to depend upon the impression she should be able to make on Mr Staunton.

It is true, it was difficult to suppose on what pretext a person travelling on her own business, and at her own charge, could be interrupted upon her route. But the violent detention she had already undergone was sufficient to show that there existed persons at no great distance who had the interest, the inclination,

and the audacity, forcibly to stop her journey, and she felt the necessity of having some countenance and protection, at least till she should get beyond their reach. While these things passed through her mind, much faster than our pen and ink can record, or even the reader's eye collect the meaning of its traces, Jeanie found herself in a handsome library, and in presence of the rector of Willingham. The well-furnished presses and shelves which surrounded the large and handsome apartment, contained more books than Jeanie imagined existed in the world, being accustomed to consider as an extensive collection two fir shelves, each about three feet long, which contained her father's treasured volumes, the whole pith and marrow, as he used sometimes to boast, of modern divinity. An orrery, globes, a telescope, and some other scientific implements, conveyed to Jeanie an impression of admiration and wonder not unmixed with fear, for, in her ignorant apprehension, they seemed rather adapted for magical purposes than any other; and a few stuffed animals (as the Rector was fond of natural history) added to the impressive character of the apartment.

Mr Staunton spoke to her with great mildness. He observed, that, although her appearance at church had been uncommon, in strange, and,

he must add, in discreditable society, and calculated, upon the whole, to disturb the congregation during divine worship, he wished, nevertheless, to hear her own account of herself before taking any steps which his duty might seem to demand. He was a justice of peace, he informed her, as well as a clergyman.

“His honour” (for she would not say his reverence) “was very civil and kind,” was all that poor Jeanie could at first bring out.

“Who are you, young woman?” said the clergyman, more peremptorily — “and what do you do in this county, and in such company? — We allow no strollers or vagrants here.”

“I am not a vagrant or a stroller, sir,” said Jeanie, a little roused by the supposition. “I am a decent Scots lass, travelling through the land on my own business and my own expences; and I was so unhappy as to fall in with bad company, and was stopped a’ night on my journey. And this puir creature, who is something light-headed, let me out in the morning.”

“Bad company!” said the clergyman. “I am afraid, young woman, you have not been sufficiently anxious to avoid them.”

“Indeed, sir,” returned Jeanie, “I have been brought up to shun evil communication. But

these wicked people were thieves, and stopped me by violence and mastery."

"Thieves! said Mr Staunton; "then you charge them with robbery, I suppose?"

"No, sir; they did not take so much as a bodle from me," answered Jeanie; "nor did they use me ill, otherwise than by confining me."

The clergyman inquired into the particulars of her adventure, which she told him from point to point.

"This is an extraordinary, and not a very probable tale, young woman," resumed Mr Staunton. "Here has been, according to your account, a great violence committed without any adequate motive. Are you aware of the law of this country — that if you lodge this charge you will be bound over to prosecute this gang?"

Jeanie did not understand him, and he explained that the English law, in addition to the inconvenience sustained by persons who have been robbed or injured, has the goodness to entrust to them the care and the expence of appearing as prosecutors.

Jeanie said, "that her business at London was express; all she wanted was, that any gentleman would, out of Christian charity, protect

her to some town where she could hire horses and a guide; and, finally," she thought, "it would be her father's mind that she was not free to give testimony in an English court of justice, as the land was not under a direct gospel dispensation."

Mr Staunton stared a little, and asked if her father was a Quaker.

"God forbid, sir," said Jeanie — "He is nae schismatic nor sectary, nor ever treated for sic blac commodities as their's, and that's weel kenn'd o' him."

"And what is his name, pray?" said Mr Staunton.

"David Deans, sir, the cowfeeder at Saint Leonard's Crag, near Edinburgh."

A deep groan from the anti-room prevented the rector from replying, and, exclaiming, "Good God! that unhappy boy," he left Jeanie alone, and hastened into the outer apartment.

Some noise and bustle was heard, but no one entered the library for the best part of an hour.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

*Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused, I could not know
Whether I suffered or I did,
For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe;
My own, or other's, still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.*

COLERIDGE.

DURING the interval while she was thus left alone, Jeanie anxiously revolved in her mind what course was best for her to pursue. She was impatient to continue her journey, yet she feared she could not safely adventure to do so while the old hag and her assistants were in the neighbourhood, without risking a repetition of their violence. She thought she could collect

from the conversation which she had partly overheard, and also from the wild confessions of Madge Wildfire, that her mother had a deep and revengeful motive for obstructing her journey if possible. And from whom could she hope for assistance if not from Mr Staunton? His whole appearance and demeanour seemed to encourage her hopes. His features were handsome, though marked with a deep cast of melancholy; his tone and language were gentle and encouraging; and, as he had served in the army for several years during his youth, his air retained that easy frankness which is peculiar to the profession of arms. He was, besides, a minister of the gospel; and although a worshipper, according to Jeanie's notions, in the Court of the Gentiles, and so benighted as to wear a surplice, although he read the Common Prayer, and wrote down every word of his sermon before delivering it; and although he was, moreover, in strength of lungs, as well as pith and marrow of doctrine, vastly inferior to Boanerges Stormheaven, Jeanie still thought he must be a very different person from Curate Kiltstoup, and other prelatical divines of her father's earlier days, who used to get drunk in their canonical dress, and hound out the dragoons against the wandering Cameronians. The house seemed to be in some disturbance, but as she could not suppose she was altogether for-

gotten, she thought it better to remain quiet in the apartment where she had been left, till some one should take notice of her.

The first who entered was, to her no small delight, one of her own sex, a motherly-looking aged person of a housekeeper. To her Jeanie explained her situation in a few words, and begged her assistance.

The dignity of a housekeeper did not encourage too much familiarity with a person who was at the Rectory on justice-business, and whose character might seem in her eyes somewhat precarious; but she was civil, although distant.

“Her young master,” she said, “had had a bad accident by a fall from his horse, which made him liable to fainting fits; he had been taken very ill just now, and it was impossible his Reverence could see Jeanie for some time; but that she need not fear his doing all that was just and proper in her behalf the instant he could get her business attended to.” — She concluded by offering to show Jeanie a room, where she might remain till his Reverence was at leisure.

Our heroine took the opportunity to request the means of adjusting and changing her dress.

The housekeeper, in whose estimation order and cleanliness ranked high among personal virtues, gladly complied with a request so reasonable; and the change of dress, which Jeanie's bundle furnished made so important an improvement in her appearance, that the old lady hardly knew the spoiled and disordered traveller, whose attire showed the violence she had sustained, in the neat, clean, quiet-looking little Scotchwoman, who now stood before her. Encouraged by such a favourable alteration in her appearance, Mrs Dalton ventured to invite Jeanie to partake of her dinner, and was equally pleased with the decent propriety of her conduct during that meal.

"Thou canst read this book, canst thou, young woman?" said the old lady when their meal was concluded, laying her hand upon a large Bible.

"I hope sae, madam," said Jeanie, surprised at the question; my father wad hae wanted mony a thing, ere I had wanted *that* schuling."

"The better sign of him, young woman. There are men here, well to pass in the world, would not want their share of a Leicester plover, and that's a bag-pudding, if fasting for three hours would make all their poor children read

the Bible from end to end. Take thou the book, then, for my eyes are something dazed, and read where thou listest — it's the only book thou canst not happen wrong in."

Jeanie was at first tempted to turn up the parable of the good Samaritan; but her conscience checked her, as if it were an use of Scripture, not for her own edification, but to work upon the mind of others for the relief of her worldly afflictions, and under this scrupulous sense of duty, she selected, in preference, a chapter of the prophet Isaiah, and read it, notwithstanding her northern accent and tone, with a devout propriety, which greatly edified Mrs Dalton.

"Ah," she said, "an' all Scotswomen were sic as thou! — but it was our luck to get born devils of thy country, I think — every one worse than t'other. If thou knowest of any tidy lass like thysell, that wanted a place, and could bring a good character, and would not go laiking about to wakes and fairs, and wore shoes and stockings all the day round — why, I'll not say but we might find room for her at the rectory. Hast no cousin or sister, lass, that such an offer would suit?"

This was touching upon a sore point, but Jeanie was spared the pains of replying by the
LIV. L

entrance of the same man-servant she had seen before.

“Measter wishes to see the young woman from Scotland,” was Tummas’s address.

“Go to his Reverence, my dear, as fast as you can, and tell him all your story—his Reverence is a kind man,” said Mrs Dalton. “I will fold down the leaf, and make you a cup of tea, with some nice muffin, against you come down, and that’s what you seldom see in Scotland, girl.”

“Measter’s waiting for the young woman,” said Tummas impatiently.

“Well, Mr Jack-Sauce, and what is your business to put in your oar? — And how often must I tell you to call Mr Staunton his Reverence, seeing as he is a dignified clergyman, and not be meastering, meastering him, as if he were a little petty squire?”

As Jeanie was now at the door, and ready to accompany Tummas, the footman said nothing till he got into the passage, when he muttered, “There are more masters than one in this house, and I think we shall have a mistress too, an Dame Dalton carries it thus.”

Tummas led the way through a more intricate range of passages than Jeanie had yet threaded, and ushered her into an apartment which was darkened by the closing of most of the window-shutters, and in which was a bed with the curtains partly drawn.

“Here is the young woman, sir,” said Tummas.

“Very well,” said a voice from the bed, but not that of his Reverence; “be ready to answer the bell, and leave the room.”

“There is some mistake,” said Jeanie, confounded at finding herself in the apartment of an invalid; “the servant told me that the minister.” — —

“Don’t trouble yourself,” said the invalid, “there is no mistake. I know more of your affairs than my father, and I can manage them better — Leave the room, Tom.” The servant obeyed. — “We must not,” said the invalid, “lose time, when we have little to lose. Open the shutter of that window.”

She did so, and as he drew aside the curtain of his bed, the light fell on his pale countenance, as, turban’d with bandages, and dressed in a nightgown, he lay seemingly exhausted upon the bed.

“Look at me,” he said, “Jeanie Deans, can you not recollect me?”

“No, sir,” said she, full of surprise. “I was never in this country before.”

“But I may have been in yours. Think — recollect. I would faint did I name the name you are most dearly bound to loathe and to detest. Think — remember!”

A terrible recollection flashed on Jeanie, which every tone of the speaker confirmed, and which his next words rendered certainty.

“Be composed — remember Muschat’s Cairn, and the moonlight night.”

Jeanie sunk down on a chair, with clasped hands, and gasped in agony.

“Yes, here I lie,” he said, “like a crushed snake, writhing with impatience at my incapacity of motion — here I lie, when I ought to have been in Edinburgh, trying every means to save a life that is dearer to me than my own. — How is your sister? — how fares it with her? — condemned to death, I know it, by this time! O, the horse that carried me safely on a thousand errands of folly and wickedness, that he should have broke down with me on the only good mission I have undertaken for years! But I

must rein in my passion — my frame cannot endure it, and I have much to say. Give me some of the cordial which stands on that table. — Why do you tremble? But you have too good cause, — Let it stand — I need it not.”

Jeanie, however reluctant, approached him with the cup into which she had poured the draught, and could not forbear saying, “There is a cordial for the mind, sir, if the wicked will turn from their transgressions, and seek to the Physician of souls.”

“Silence!” he said sternly — “and yet I thank you. But tell me, and lose no time in doing so, what you are doing in this country? Remember, though I have been your sister’s worst enemy, yet I will serve her with the best of my blood, and I will serve you for her sake; and no one can serve you to such purpose, for no one can know the circumstances so well — so speak without fear.”

“I am not afraid, sir,” said Jeanie, collecting her spirits. “I trust in God; and if it pleases Him to redeem my sister’s captivity, it is all I seek, whosoever be the instrument. But, sir, to be plain with you, I dare not use your counsel, unless I were enabled to see that it accords with the law which I must rely upon.”

“The devil take the puritan!” said George Staunton, for so we must now call him. “I beg your pardon; but I am naturally impatient, and you drive me mad. What harm can it possibly do you to tell me in what situation your sister stands, and your own expectations of being able to assist her? It is time enough to refuse my advice when I offer any which you may think improper. I speak calmly to you, though ’tis against my nature; — but don’t urge me to impatience — it will only render me incapable of serving Effie.”

There was in the looks and words of this unhappy young man a sort of restrained eagerness and impetuosity which seemed to prey upon itself, as the impatience of a fiery steed fatigues itself with churning upon the bit. After a moment’s consideration, it occurred to Jeanie that she was not entitled to withhold from him, whether on her sister’s account or her own, the fatal account of the consequences of the crime which he had committed, nor to reject such advice, being in itself lawful and innocent, as he might be able to suggest in the way of remedy. Accordingly, in as few words as she could express it, she told the history of her sister’s trial and condemnation, and of her own journey as far as Newark. He appeared to listen in the

utmost agony of mind, yet repressed every violent symptom of emotion, whether by gesture or sound, which might have interrupted the speaker, and, stretched on his couch like the Mexican monarch on his bed of live coals, only the contortions of his cheek, and the quivering of his limbs, gave indication of his sufferings. To much of what she said he listened with stifled groans, as if he were only hearing those miseries confirmed, whose fatal reality he had known before; but when she pursued her tale through the circumstances which had interrupted her journey, extreme surprise and earnest attention appeared to succeed to the symptoms of remorse which he had before exhibited. He questioned Jeanie closely concerning the appearance of the two men, and the conversation which she had overheard between the taller of them and the woman.

When Jeanie mentioned the old woman having alluded to her foster-son — “It is too true,” he said; “and the source from which I derived food, when an infant, must have communicated to me the wretched — the fated — propensity to vices that were strangers in my own family. — But go on.”

Jeanie passed slightly over her journey in company with Madge, having no inclination to

repeat what might be the effect of mere raving on the part of her companion, and therefore her tale was now closed.

Young Staunton lay for a moment in profound meditation, and at length spoke with more composure than he had yet displayed during their interview. — “You are a sensible, as well as a good young woman, Jeanie Deans, and I will tell you more of my story than I have told to any one. — Story did I call it? — it is a tissue of folly, guilt, and misery. — But take notice — I do it because I desire your confidence in return — that is, that you will act in this dismal matter by my advice and direction. Therefore do I speak.”

“I will do what is fitting for a sister, and a daughter, and a Christian woman to do,” said Jeanie; “but do not tell me any of your secrets — It is not good that I should come into your counsel, or listen to the doctrine which causeth to err.”

“Simple fool!” said the young man. “Look at me. My head is not horned, my foot is not cloven, my hands are not garnished with talons; and, since I am not the very devil himself, what interest can any one else have in destroying the hopes with which you comfort or fool yourself?”

Listen to me patiently, and you will find that, when you have heard my counsel, you may go to the seventh heaven with it in your pocket, if you have a mind, and not feel yourself an ounce heavier in the ascent."

At the risk of being somewhat heavy, as explanations usually prove, we must here endeavour to combine into a distinct narrative, the information which the invalid communicated in a manner at once too circumstantial, and too much broken by passion, to admit of our giving his precise words. Part of it, indeed, he read from a manuscript, which he had perhaps drawn up for the information of his relations after his decease.

To make my tale short — this wretched hag — this Margaret Murdockson, was the wife of a favourite servant of my father; — she had been my nurse; — her husband was dead; — she resided in a cottage near this place; — she had a daughter who grew up, and was then a beautiful but very giddy girl; — her mother endeavoured to promote her marriage with an old and wealthy churl in the neighbourhood; — the girl saw me frequently — She was familiar with me, as our connection seemed to permit — and I — in a word, I wronged her

cruelly — It was not so bad as your sister's business, but it was sufficiently villanous — her folly should have been her protection. Soon after this I was sent abroad — To do my father justice, if I have turned out a fiend it is not his fault — he used the best means. When I returned, I found the wretched mother and daughter had fallen into disgrace, and were chased from this country. — My deep share in their shame and misery was discovered — my father used very harsh language — we quarrelled. I left his house, and led a life of strange adventure, resolving never again to see my father or my father's home.

«And now comes the story! — Jeanie, I put my life into your hands, and not only my own life, which, God knows, is not worth saving, but the happiness of a respectable old man, and the honour of a family of consideration. My love of low society, as such propensities as I was cursed with are usually termed, was, I think, of an uncommon kind, and indicated a nature, which, if not depraved by early debauchery, would have been fit for better things. I did not so much delight in the wild revel, the low humour, the unconfined liberty of those with whom I associated, as in the spirit of adventure, presence of mind in peril, and sharpness of intellect

which they displayed in prosecuting their maraudings upon the revenue, or similar adventures. — Have you looked round this rectory? — is it not a sweet and pleasant retreat? ”

Jeanie, alarmed at this sudden change of subject, replied in the affirmative.

“Well! I wish it had been ten thousand fathom under ground, with its church-lands, and tithes, and all that belongs to it. Had it not been for this cursed rectory I should have been permitted to follow the bent of my own inclinations and the profession of arms, and half the courage and address that I have displayed among smugglers and deer-stealers would have secured me an honourable rank among my contemporaries. Why did I not go abroad when I left this house? — Why did I leave it at all? — why — But it came to that point with me that it is madness to look back, and misery to look forward.”

He paused, and then went on with more composure.

“The chances of a wandering life brought me unhappily to Scotland, to embroil myself in worse and more criminal actions than I had yet been concerned in. It was now I became ac-

quainted with Wilson, a remarkable man in his station of life; quiet, composed, and resolute, firm in mind, and uncommonly strong in person, gifted with a sort of rough eloquence which raised him above his companions. Hitherto I had been

«As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
Were seen some sparkles of a better hope.»

But it was this man's misfortune, as well as mine, that, notwithstanding the difference of our rank and education, he acquired an extraordinary and fascinating influence over me, which I can only account for by the calm determination of his character being superior to the less sustained impetuosity of mine. Where he led I felt myself bound to follow; and strange was the courage and address which he displayed in his pursuits. While I was engaged in desperate adventures, under so strange and dangerous a preceptor, I became acquainted with your unfortunate sister at some sports of the young people in the suburbs, which she frequented by stealth — and her ruin proved an interlude to the tragic scenes in which I was now deeply engaged. Yet this let me say — the villany was not premeditated, and I was firmly resolved to do her all the justice which marriage could do, so soon

as I should be able to extricate myself from my unhappy course of life, and embrace some one more suited to my birth. — I had wild visions — visions of conducting her as if to some poor retreat, and introducing her at once to rank and fortune she never dreamt of. A friend, at my request, attempted a negociation with my father, which was protracted for some time, and renewed at different intervals. At length, and just when I expected my father's pardon, he learned by some means or other my infamy, painted in even exaggerated colours, which was, God knows, unnecessary — He wrote me a letter — how it found me out, I know not enclosing me a sum of money, and disowning me for ever. — I became desperate — I became frantic — I readily joined Wilson in a perilous smuggling adventure in which we miscarried; and was willingly blinded by his logic to consider the robbery of the officer of the customs in Fife as a fair and honourable reprisal. Hitherto I had observed a certain line in my criminality, and stood free of assaults upon personal property, but now I felt a wild pleasure in disgracing myself as much as possible.

“The plunder was no object to me. I abandoned that to my comrades, and only asked the post of danger. I remember well, that when I

stood with my drawn sword guarding the door while they committed the felony, I had not a thought of my own safety. I was only meditating on my sense of supposed wrong from my family, my impotent thirst of vengeance, and how it would sound in the haughty ears of the family of Willingham, that one of their descendants, and the heir apparent of their honours, should perish by the hands of the hangman for robbing a Scottish gauger. We were taken — I expected no less. We were condemned — that also I looked for. But death, as he approached nearer, looked grimly; and the recollection of your sister's destitute condition determined me on an effort to save my life. — I forgot to tell you, that in Edinburgh I again met the woman Murdockson and her daughter. — She had followed the camp when young, and had now, under pretence of a trifling traffic, resumed predatory habits, with which she had already been too familiar. Our first meeting was stormy; but I was liberal of what money I had, and she forgot, or seemed to forget, the injury her daughter had received. The unfortunate girl herself seemed hardly even to know her seducer, far less to retain any sence of the injury she had received. Her mind is totally alienated. which, according to her mother's account, is sometimes the consequence of an unfavourable confinement. But

it was *my doing*. Here was another stone knitted round my neck to sink me into the pit of perdition. Every look — every word of this poor creature — her false spirits — her imperfect recollections — her allusions to things which she had forgotten, but which were recorded in my conscience, were stabs of a poniard — stabs did I say? — they were tearing with hot pincers, and scalding the raw wound with burningsulphur — they were to be endured, however, and they *were* endured. — I return to my prison thoughts.

«It was not the least miserable of them that your sister's time approached. I knew her dread of you and of her father — She often said she would die a thousand deaths ere you should know her shame — yet her confinement must be provided for. — I knew this woman Murdockson was an infernal hag, but I thought she loved me, and that money would make her true. She had procured a file for Wilson, and a spring-saw for me; and she undertook readily to take charge of Effie during her illness, in which she had skill enough to give the necessary assistance. — I gave her the money which my father had sent me — It was settled that she should receive Effie into her house in the meantime, and wait for farther directions from me, when I should effect

my escape. I communicated this purpose, and recommended the old hag to poor Effie by a letter, in which I recollect that I endeavoured to support the character of Macheath under condemnation — a fine, gay, bold-faced ruffian, who is game to the last — Such, and so wretchedly poor, was my ambition! Yet I had resolved to forsake the courses I had been engaged in, should I be so fortunate as to escape the gibbet. My design was to marry your sister, and go over to the West Indies. I had still some money left, and I trusted in one way or other to provide for myself and my wife.

“We made the attempt to escape, and by the obstinacy of Wilson, who insisted upon going first, it totally miscarried. The undaunted and self-denied manner in which he sacrificed himself to redeem his error, and accomplish my escape from the Tolbooth-Church, you must have heard of — all Scotland rang with it. It was a gallant and extraordinary deed — All men spoke of it — all men, even those who most condemned the habits and crimes of this self-devoted man, praised the heroism of his friendship. I have many vices, but cowardice, or want of gratitude, are none of the number. I resolved to requite his generosity, and even your sister’s safety became a secondary consideration with me for the

time. To effect Wilson's liberation was my principal object, and I doubted not to find the means.

“Yet I did not forget Effie neither. The bloodhounds of the law were so close after me, that I dared not trust myself near any of my old haunts, but old Murdockson met me by appointment, and informed me that your sister had happily been delivered of a boy. I charged the hag to keep her patient's mind easy, and let her want for nothing that money could purchase, and I retreated to those places of concealment where the men engaged in Wilson's desperate trade are used to hide themselves and their uncustomed goods. Men who are disobedient both to human and divine laws are not always insensible to the claims of courage and generosity. We were assured that the mob of Edinburg, strongly moved with the hardship of Wilson's, situation, and the gallantry of his conduct, would back any bold attempt that might be made to rescue him even from the foot of the gibbet. Desperate as the attempt seemed, upon my declaring myself ready to lead the onset on the guard, I found no want of followers who engaged to stand by me.

“I have no doubt I should have rescued him from the very noose that dangled over his head,”

he continued with animation, which seemed a flash of the interest which he had taken in such exploits; «but amongst other precautions, the magistrates had taken one, suggested, as we afterwards learned, by the unhappy wretch Porteous, which effectually disconcerted my measures. They anticipated, by half an hour, the ordinary period for' execution; and, as it had been resolved amongst us, that, for fear of observation from the officers of justice, we should not show ourselves upon the street until the time of action approached, it followed that all was over before our attempt at a rescue commenced. It did commence, however, and I gained the scaffold and cut the rope with my own hand. It was too late! The bold, stout-hearted, generous criminal was no more — and vengeance was all that remained to us — a vengeance, as I then thought, doubly due from my hand, to whom Wilson had given life and liberty when he could as easily have secured his own.»

«O, sir,» said Jeanie, «did the Scripture never come into your mind, «Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it?»»

«Scripture? Why, I had not opened a Bible for five years,» answered Staunton.

«Waes me, sirs,» said Jeanie— «and a minister's son too!»

“It is natural for you to say so; yet do not interrupt me, but let me finish my most accursed history. The beast, Porteous, who, kept firing on the people long after it had ceased to be necessary, became the object of their hatred for having overdone his duty, and of mine for having done it too well. We — that is, I and other determined friends of Wilson, resolved to be avenged — but caution was necessary. I thought I had been marked by one of the officers, and therefore continued to lurk about the vicinity of Edinburgh, but without daring to venture within the walls. At length I visited, at the hazard of my life, the place where I hoped to find my future wife and my son — they were both gone. Dame Murdockson informed me, that so soon as Effie heard of the miscarriage of the attempt to rescue Wilson, and the hot pursuit after me, she fell into a brain fever; and that being one day obliged to go out on some necessary business and leave her alone, she had taken that opportunity to escape, and she had not seen her since. I loaded her with reproaches, to which she listened with the most provoking and callous composure; for it is one of her attributes, that, violent and fierce as she is upon most occasions, there are some in which she shows the most imperturbable calmness. I threatened her with justice; she said I had more reason to fear justice

than she had. I felt she was right, and was silenced. I threatened her with vengeance; she replied in nearly the same words, that, to judge by injuries received, I had more reason to fear her vengeance, than she to dread mine. She was again right, and I was left without an answer. I flung myself from her in indignation, and employed a comrade to make enquiry in the neighbourhood of Saint Leonard's concerning your sister; but ere I received his answer, the opening quest of a well-scented terrier of the law drove me from the vicinity of Edinburgh to a more distant and secluded place of concealment. A secret and trusty emissary at length brought me the account of Porteous's condemnation, and of your sister's imprisonment on a criminal charge; thus astounding one of mine ears, while he gratified the other.

“I again ventured to the Pleasance — again charged Murdockson with treachery to the unfortunate Effie and her child, though I could conceive no reason, save that of appropriating the whole of the money I had lodged with her. Your narrative throws light on this, and shows another motive, not less powerful because less evident — the desire of wreaking vengeance on the seducer of her daughter, — the destroyer at once of her reason and reputation. Great God!

how I wish that, instead of the revenge she made choice of, she had delivered me up to the cord !”

“But what account did the wretched woman give of Effie and the bairn ?” said Jeanie, who, during this long and agitating narrative, had firmness and discernment enough to keep her eye on such points as might throw light on her sister’s misfortunes.

“She would give none,” said Staunton ; “she said the mother made a moonlight flitting from her house, with the infant in her arms — that she had never seen either of them since — that the lass might have thrown the child into the North Loch or the Quarry Holes, for what she knew, and it was like enough she had done so.”

“And how came you to believe that she did not speak the fatal truth ?” said Jeanie, trembling.

“Because, on this second occasion, I saw her daughter, and I understood from her, that, in fact, the child had been removed or destroyed during the illness of the mother. But all knowledge to be got from her is so uncertain and indirect, that I could not collect any farther circumstances. Only the diabolical character of old Murdockson makes me augur the worst.”

“The last account agrees with that given by my poor sister,” said Jeanie; “but gang on wi’ your ain tale, sir.”

“Of this I am certain,” said Staunton, “that Effie, in her senses, and with her knowledge, never injured living creature — But what could I do in her exculpation? — Nothing — and therefore, my whole thoughts were turned toward her safety. I was under the cursed necessity of suppressing my feelings towards Murdockson; my life was in the hag’s hand — that I cared not for; but on my life hung that of your sister. I spoke the wretch fair; I appeared to confide in her; and to me, so far as I was personally concerned, she gave proofs of extraordinary fidelity. I was at first uncertain what measures I ought to adopt for your sister’s liberation, when the general rage excited among the citizens of Edinburgh on account of the reprieve of Porteous, suggested to me the daring idea of forcing the jail, and at once carrying off your sister from the clutches of the law, and bringing to condign punishment a miscreant, who had tormented the unfortunate Wilson, even in the hour of death, as if he had been a wild Indian taken captive by an hostile tribe. I flung myself among the multitude in the moment of fermentation — so did others among Wilson’s mates, who had, like

me, been disappointed in the hope of glutting their eyes with Porteous's execution. All was organized, and I was chosen for the captain. I felt not — I do not now feel, compunction for what was to be done, and has since been executed."

"O God forgive ye, sir, and bring ye to a better sense of your ways!" exclaimed Jeanie in horror at the avowal of such violent sentiments.

"Amen," replied Staunton, "if my sentiments are wrong. But I repeat, that, although willing to aid the deed, I could have wished them to have chosen another leader; because I foresaw that the great and general duty of the night would interfere with the assistance which I proposed to render Effie. I gave a commission, however, to a trusty friend to protect her to a place of safety, so soon as the fatal procession had left the jail. But for no persuasions which I could use in the hurry of the moment, or which my comrade employed at more length, after the mob had taken a different direction, could the unfortunate girl be prevailed upon to leave the prison. His arguments were all wasted upon the infatuated victim, and he was obliged to leave her in order to attend to his own safety. Such was his account; but, perhaps, he per-

severed less steadily in his attempt to persuade her than I would have done."

"Effie was right to remain," said Jeanie; "and I love her the better for it."

"Why will you say so?" said Staunton.

"You cannot understand my reasons, sir, if I should render them," answered Jeanie composedly; "they that thirst for the blood of their enemies have no taste for the well-spring of life."

"My hopes," said Staunton, "were thus a second time dissappointed. My next efforts were to bring her through her trial by means of yourself. How I urged it, and where, you cannot have forgotten. I do not blame you for your refusal; it was founded, I am convinced, on principle, and not on indifference to your sister's fate. For me, judge of me as a man frantic; I knew not what hand to turn to, and all my efforts were unavailing. In this condition, and close beset on all sides, I thought of what might be done by means of my family, and their influence. I fled from Scotland — I reached this place — my miserably wasted and unhappy appearance procured me from my father that pardon, which a parent finds it so hard to refuse, even to the most undeserving son. And here I have awaited in anguish of mind, which the

condemned criminal might envy, the event of your sister's trial."

"Without taking any steps for her relief?" said Jeanie.

"To the last I hoped her case might terminate more favourably; and it is only two days since that the fatal tidings reached me. My resolution was instantly taken. I mounted my best horse with the purpose of making the utmost haste to London, and there compounding with Sir Robert Walpole for your sister's safety, by surrendering to him, in the person of the heir of the family of Willingham, the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the breaker of the Tolbooth prison, and the well known leader of the Porteous mob."

"But would that save my sister?" said Jeanie, in astonishment.

"It would, as I should drive my bargain," said Staunton. "Queens love revenge as well as their subjects — Little as you seem to esteem it, it is a poison which pleases all palates, from the prince to the peasant. — The life of an obscure villager? Why, I might ask the best of the crown-jewels for laying the head of such an insolent conspiracy at the foot of her majesty, with a certainty of being gratified. All my other plans have failed, but this could not — Heaven

is just, however, and would not honour me with making this voluntary atonement for the injury I have done your sister. I had not rode ten miles, when my horse, the best and most sure-footed animal in this country, fell with me on a level piece of road, as if he had been struck by a cannon-shot. I was greatly hurt, and was brought back here in the condition in which you now see me."

As young Staunton had come to the conclusion, the servant opened the door, and, with a voice which seemed intended rather for a signal, than merely the announcing of a visit, said "His Reverence, sir, is coming up stairs to wait upon you."

"For God's sake, hide yourself, Jeanie," exclaimed Staunton, "in that dressing closet!"

"No, sir," said Jeanie; "as I am here for nae ill, I canna take the same of hiding mysell frae the master o' the house."

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed George Staunton, "do but consider" — —

Ere he could complete the sentence, his father entered the apartment.



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